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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

**Modern System Of Racing
Brings Money-Winning
Gauge Of Merit**

A READER of this department of The Chronicle has favored me with a letter in which he takes me to task for what he refers to as my disparagement of Whirlaway and insufficient realization of his greatness.

The writer takes the ground that I am not duly appreciative of the wonderful record which the son of Imp, Blenheim II and Dustwhirl has compiled; and, on top of that, am "prejudiced against him."

I am admonished that this is all wrong; and, incidentally, that my attitude toward money-winnings as the crucial test of a race horse's capabilities is one in which I have few companions.

That "modern horsemen" have accepted it as final and to go against it is not in keeping with the "spirit of the times."

This is not the exact language used by my correspondent, but it condenses his thought very closely.

Well—let's see.

First, about Whirlaway.

That he is a remarkable, a really wonderful, and a truly exceptional colt. I have again and again emphasized.

That he is a very great one—well, that is up quite another alley.

Whirlaway has speed of a high order.

He can go the route.

He has high courage.

He seldom runs a bad race.

He can run well over all sorts of tracks.

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Miss Marjorie Durant Has Two Top Jumpers At Riviera Gymkhana

BY TOM PILCHER

The Annual Riviera Club Christmas Gymkhana was held on Saturday December 19, on the number 3 polo field, and was open to Adults and Juniors alike. Entries were surprisingly good, and a goodly number of spectators turned up to view the proceedings. Mr. Jack Holt judged all events in his usual thorough manner, all in all a very successful day.

The feature class was the driving event, and here Mrs. Ray Rosendahl with a Ladies Phaeton, was easily the best, second went to Major Bill Cowen with a useful pair of driving

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First Running Of Grand National At Aintree In 1837

**Manifesto, Great Winner And
The "Legend Of Liverpool",
Campaigned From 1895-1904**

BY TOM PILCHER

The first Grand National Steeplechase was run on March 1st, 1837, at Aintree, near Liverpool, England. The Course then as of today is the property of the Earl of Sefton's family, but it was not until ten years later in 1847 that it was named the Grand National. It had been known as a Sweepstake of 10 Sovs each, as the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase, and as the Liverpool and National Steeplechase.

The man who was responsible for the promotion of this great event was William Lynn, an inn-keeper and owner of the Waterloo Hotel in Liverpool, and he was also the lessee of a race course at Aintree, where for several years, flat meetings had been held, and conceived the idea of running a steeplechase in this same locality and advertised it with the following conditions, with Viscount Molyneux acting as Umpire.

A Sweepstake of 10 Sovs each with 100 added by the town of Liverpool for horses of all denominations, 4 year olds to carry 11 stone, 5 year olds 11 stone 7 lbs., 6 year olds and aged 12 stone. Gentlemen Riders. Over a country not exceeding

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Chronicle Records Cornish Hills As Eastern Champion

**Wartime Conditions Make It
Impossible To Give A
Definite Decision**

The coverage of horse shows by The Chronicle has been limited this past season by reason of the oft expressed 1942 words, "gas and tire rationing". Therefore, there can be no definite statement as to the paper's opinion of the champion hunter, jumper, green hunter, etc. Owners have not been able to campaign so extensively and that leaves the question as to what an outstanding entry in one section could have done if he had performed with other top ranking entries in another section.

Without complete records of the shows, only a partial resume of the horses who have been shown successfully in different divisions can be given. The champion hunter is as important to the exhibitors and spectators of the horse show circuits as the "name" horse of the year is to the racing owners and breeders. The winners of the young divisions, beginning with the weanling, through the 3-year-old champions to the green hunter champions is important to prospective buyers and prospective sellers.

Mrs. E. Douglas Prime's 4-year-old Pappy, champion 3-year-old of Virginia in 1941, added other honors to

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Steeplechasing

**Schooling Of 'Chasers To
Start Soon In And
Around Middleburg**

The timber fences are still wired up and new brush hasn't replaced the brown, dead brush left over from the past season. The 'chasers are still turned out and won't be taken up until the latter part of January or the first of February.

Looking through the various trainers' stables in and around Middleburg, there are approximately 47 horses who will be schooled this spring for the various hunt meets and major track meets. One of the largest of these is that of Arthur White at Chilton Farm. Included in the string are Brookmeade Stable's Carribeau and Delhigh Dan, lt. br. g. (*Dan IV—Cliffons Belle, by *Coq Gaulois); Jack Grabosky's Greenwich Time, 8, b. g. (Meridian—Fast Service, by The Porter); Harry La Montagne's Bladen, 6, b. (*Sir Gallahad III—La Palina, by *Ambassador IV), *Lechade, 6, b. g. (Royal Dancer—Mellifera, by Honey Bee); Mrs. George Garrett's Circus, 6, ch. g. (Peanuts—Peake, by *Sir Gallahad III); Mrs. C. M. Greer, Jr.'s Din, 6, ch. g. (Dunlin—Clatter, by Thunderer); Mrs. F. M. Gould's Hold Forth, 11, ch. g. (*Dan IV—Deceitful Sally, by *Trompe la Mort), winner of the Louie Leith Cup at the Middleburg spring hunt meet; Black Sweep, 10, blk. g. (Sweep By—Transway, by Transvaal), winner of the Virginia Gold Cup in 1940; *African Boy, 7, b. g. (Spion Kop—L'Enfant Terrible, by Le Prodiges); Powered Heels, Maevale and Castleruddery; S. C. Clark, Jr.'s *Fay Cottage, 8, br. g. (Cottage—Naiad, by Gay Crusader);

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RACCOON HUNTING

By A. HENRY HIGGINSON

If I live to be a hundred I don't think I ever shall forget the morning in September of 1904, when, out hunting with my own hounds, (the Middlesex) in America, they found in a wood on the banks of the Sudbury River, ran hard for a quarter of a mile, and killed in the rushes on the river's edge. It was one of the first days that my hounds were hunted by Bob Cotesworth, who had been with Foxhall Keene at the Meadow Brook, and before that had been First Whipper-in to Frank Gillard at the Belvoir. He had his son, Tom, turning hounds to him; a hard-riding slight lad in his early twenties; very excitable and very keen at his new job—it was his first day with me. As I say, that burst couldn't have lasted over two minutes, but it was Cotesworth's first fox with my hounds, and his boy

was off his horse and into the marsh in a minute to rescue it from the pack. The rushes on the edge of the Sudbury River grow very rank and he was soon lost to view, but we heard him rating hounds, and then his joyous shout to his father,—

"I've got him, Sir," he called, "the most wonderful fox you ever saw. He has got a ring tail."

"Do you hear that, Sir?" Cotesworth said, turning to me. "They've killed a ring-tailed fox." He was all excitement. I am afraid I began to laugh.

"Ring-tailed fox?" I said, "they've killed a coon; that's what they've done." Cotesworth looked at me with a puzzled expression. He was not very familiar with American natural history.

"A coon, Sir?" he said, "I thought

Continued on Page Three

Thanksgiving Day Run Was One Of The Best For Hillsboro Hounds

Thanksgiving Meet 1942

We met at Maple Grove Farm at 9:30. There were about 15 in the field, the biggest turnout so far this season. With the master, J. M. Houghland hunting, the hounds struck a line on the way to a covert where we usually find a big red fellow. They carried this line for about 2 miles but couldn't continue with it because of a very high wind. This was repeated 2 or 3 times, each time ending with losing the scent because of the wind. Finally at 12:30 o'clock, when the wind had finally settled, Marshall Derryberry viewed a big red slipping across the old al-

Continued on Page Two

Hunting Notes:-



TO THE MASTERS

We ask you to send in notes to the BERRYVILLE office each week. Hunting men away in the service read their Chronicle, we send it to them.

POTOMAC HUNT

Great Elm Farm,
Rockville,
Maryland.
Established 1910.
Recognized 1931.



The Hunt Committee wishes to advise the membership of the resignation December 9th of Dr. Fred R. Sanderson, joint M. F. H., due to recent illness and new responsibilities. It is with great regret that the resignation is accepted, and acknowledgement is made of the sincere thanks due Dr. and Mrs. Sanderson for the years of unselfish service they have given in promoting the affairs of the Hunt.

On further authority of the Hunt Committee and in the absence of Col. H. H. Semmes, joint M. F. H., in the armed forces, the duties of acting Master are jointly placed under the supervision of Dr. Joseph Horgan and Mr. Claude W. Owen until the next meeting of the Hunt membership.

The acting Joint Masters have appointed the following field staff:

1st Whipper-in—Mr. William Laird Dunlop III.

2nd Whipper-in—Dr. R. E. Moran.
3rd Whipper-in—Miss Bella Hagner.

Field Secretary—Mrs. William C. Hanson.

Reviving an old custom, a Christmas cap collection will be taken on December 26th for the Huntsman. Those unable to attend the meet may send their cap collection contribution beforehand to the treasurer.

The previous action of the Committee direction that the wearing of pink be discontinued for the duration is rescinded by appropriate Committee action and left to the discretion of the acting Joint Masters.

The resignation of Mr. Paul L. Banfield from the Chairmanship and the Hunt Committee membership was tendered and accepted due to his entrance into military service. The committee also acted to make interim appointments to fill vacancies in its membership. The full Committee is as follows:

Mrs. Alice Berry, Mr. George T. Walker, Mr. L. H. LaMotte, Dr. James N. Greear, Jr., Capt. M. O. Exniclos, U. S. A., Dr. Robert E. Moran (Interim), Mr. F. Moran McConihe (Interim), Joseph Horgan, M. D. Sec'y.

Fixtures For January, 1943.
Plummer's Corner, 1
Mt. Prospect, 5
White Stone Farms, 9

NOTICE TO THE HUNTS

You are making a wonderful response to our request for accounts of hunting days. We wish to thank you. Pictures of the packs and fields are not coming in, we know it is not as easy to arrange. Good snapshots can be enlarged by us and as a rule reproduced on the offset, we again ask you to try and send some along.

For Those In Service Who Wish To Hunt

(Attention British Embassy)

The Chronicle offers an excellent medium for those in the various services who wish to hunt during the limited time they can be absent from their duties. Occasions arise when hunting men are not able to go back and hunt with their own packs, due to time and distance difficulties. If they are not already familiar with the nearest hunting country and hunts, we are glad to make arrangements for such sportsmen and satisfactorily introduce them to the local Master. At this moment a British Officer of the Royal Ferry Command is wishing to hunt, we are now trying to arrange for him to do so. He wrote us stating his case and we immediately became active in his behalf. It occurred to us that there may be others, so we are bringing the matter to your notice. Just a letter to us at Berryville will put us to work on something we are delighted to do.

It will save time if the writer will give us his approximate weight and previous hunting experience. Please feel free to call on us. This is especially brought to the attention of the readers we have in the British Embassy, who probably have officers over here from time to time who would be happy to have a day with hounds.

Tuckerman's Lane, 12
Piney Spring Farm, 16
Travilah, 19

The Glen, 23

Four Hills, 26

Boswell's Corner, 30

Meet Time: 1:45 p. m.

New Year's: 11:00 a. m.

Lt. Col. H. H. Semmes, M. F. H.
Acting: Dr. Joseph Horgan, M. F. H., Mr. Claude W. Owen, M. F. H.

Hillsboro Hounds

Continued from Page One

falfa field on Maple Grove. The master collected as many hounds as possible and put them on the line. They went away in full cry and soon most of the pack had joined in. They pushed this fellow. We crossed onto Frank Gassers, turned south for about a mile, then circled east across Maple Grove. Then across the Felix Allan farm north to Bell Knob and around Herbert Knob, turned west through Herberts wood's lot pasture, where we again viewed the big fellow with most of the pack not far behind. He continued west over Frost Knob and instead of circling south again as he usually does, went on west 2 miles to the Willson Pike. Here he turned abruptly north, crossing the Lance Farm, old Smyrna Road, across the Bush Herbert Farm, on to the edge of the village of Brentwood. Here we had a timely check in a grain field. This gave our hunters a chance to catch their breath.

After a few minutes, Lowry, one of our very steady hounds, picked up the line and we were off again. Our quarry turned east across Hard Scuffle Knob and across the back end of Foxview Farm. Then we crossed Jess Williams wood's lot pasture with hounds in full cry, into Wash Herberts and across J. Hill's farm, keeping a line almost due east from the last turn near Brentwood. From J. Hill's he crossed the Edmondson Pike and continued east along the southern slopes of Patterson Knobs, crossing the large J. Holt Farm and going on to Renfro, a small settlement on the Nolensville Highway, 6 miles east of Brentwood. Here he finally turned south. The writer, the only one to stay in this far, had to pull up and save a very tired hunter and himself. It was now 2 o'clock and we had been going at a pretty good clip with only a couple of short checks since 12:30. It was one of the greatest runs in the history of the Hillsboro Hounds and we have had some mighty good ones.

We were delighted to have with us Lt. Col. John A. Ball, a former member of the hunt, just back from England where he had assisted in preparing the 12th Air Force for the invasion of North Africa.

As seems to be the case with most hunts in America, we are well represented in Uncle Sam's Armed Forces. Col. Richard Hunter, who took leave of the hunt just a little more than a year ago, was captured in the Philippines. Col. Campbell H. Brown is somewhere in the Pacific. Commander J. G. Stabman is stationed in New Orleans. Lt. John Grimes, Corp. Bill Geredon are in the Air Corps. Ensign Calvin Houghland is in training at Harvard. Lt. Marshall Derryberry is awaiting orders from the Marines and George H. Schwab, Jr., Seaman 1st Class, U. S. Coast Guard, is stationed at Peoria, Ill.

As mentioned in a previous communication, we are hunting very informally this season with no professional staff. So far we have had the best hunting in the history of the Hillsboro Hounds.

With the season's greetings and best wishes for a successful New Year to the Staff of The Chronicle.
—John Sloan, Hon. Sec'y.

Origin Of Horse Shows Given In Letter To Horse And Hound

This letter appears in the April 3, 1942 issue of the Horse and Hound, it will be interesting to our readers. The Editor.

Sir,—Mr. Mausland's enquiry at the end of his interesting letter on "Old Mail Coaches" is a very difficult one to answer. There is no doubt that horse shows were developed through a number of contributory causes, and to try to follow, or rather trace, them through the various channels might take us back to the chariot racing days of ancient Rome.

In the Duke of Newcastle's voluminous work, "Methode et Invention Nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux," which he published in Antwerp in 1658 during his exile there, is a plate showing the Duke with his family and friends in a pavilion, whilst his son is giving an exhibition of horsemanship. This was the kind of thing that probably gave a start to horse shows.

The earliest account I have so far discovered of what appears to have been a real attempt to hold a real horse show appears in "The Guardian", under the date March 18, 1713, in which the writer states:—"I cannot enough applaud Sir Harry for a particular care in his Horses. He not only bits all which are ridden, but also all which are for the Coach or swift Draught, for Grace adds mightily to the Price of Strength, and he finds his account in it at all Markets, more especially for the Coach or Troop Horses, of which that

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MONTPELIER

SIRES

Season 1943

STAKES WINNING
STEEPLECHASE SIRES
WINNERS ON THE FLAT

ANNAPOLIS

Br. 1926
Man o'War—Panoply
by Peter Pan

Private Contract

BATTLESHIP

Ch. 1927
Man o'War—*Quarantine
by Sea Sick

Fee \$300—Return

APPLY

William J. Lucas

MONTPELIER FARM

MONTPELIER STATION, VA.

Tel: Orange, Va. 3161

The Sporting Calendar

You can help us by sending in notices of any events you know of that do not appear in this Calendar.

NOVEMBER

26-Mar. 9. Fair Grounds, New Orleans, La. 75 days.

CRESCENT CITY 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 2 \$2,500 Added
THE AUDUBON STAKES (ALC'S), 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 16 \$2,000 Added
GULF COAST STAKES (ALC'S), 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 30 \$2,500 Added
THE CHALMETTE 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 13 \$2,500 Added
MARDI GRAS 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., March 9 \$2,000 Added

26-March 9, 1943. Fair Grounds Breeders' & Racing Assn., New Orleans, La. 75 days. (No racing on Mondays—March 8th excepted)

CRESCENT CITY HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 2 \$2,500 Added
THE AUDUBON STAKES, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 16 \$2,000 Added
GULF COAST HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 30 \$2,500 Added
THE CHALMETTE STAKES, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 13 \$2,500 Added
NEW ORLEANS HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 27 \$10,000 Added
LOUISIANA DERBY, 1½ ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 6 \$7,500 Added
MARDI GRAS HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., March 9 \$2,000 Added

DECEMBER

21-Jan. 12. Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla. 20 days.

JANUARY

13-Mar. 6. Hialeah Park. (46 days.)

HIALEAH PARK INAUGURAL, 6 f., 3 & up, Jan. 13 \$5,000 Added
HIALEAH STAKES, 6 f., 3 & up, Jan. 16 \$5,000 Added
PALM BEACH 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, Jan. 23 \$5,000 Added
MIAMI BEACH 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Jan. 30 \$5,000 Added
BAHAMAS HANDICAP, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Feb. 6 \$5,000 Added
EVENING HANDICAP, 1½ ml., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Feb. 13 \$5,000 Added
McLENNAN MEMORIAL 'CAP, 1½ ml., 3 & up, Feb. 20 \$7,500 Added
FLAMINGO STAKES, 1½ ml., 3-yr.-olds, Feb. 27 \$15,000 Added
BLACK HELEN 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, March 1 \$5,000 Added
HIALEAH JUVENILE STAKES, 3 f., 2-yr.-olds, March \$5,000 Added

MARCH

8-April 12. Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla. 30 days.

6-June 6. Hipodrome De Las Americas, Jockey Club De La Ciudad De Mexico. 42 days or more.

HANDICAP DE LA GUIDAD DE MEXICO, 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, May 9 17,000 Pesos Added
DERBY MEXICANO, 1 1-8 ml., 3-yr.-olds, May 16 50,000 Pesos Added
HANDICAP NACIONAL, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, May 23 20,000 Pesos Added
STAKES DE LA CONDESA, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, May 27 6,250 Pesos Added
HANDICAP DE LAS AMERICAS, 1 1-4 ml., 3 & up, May 30 100,000 Pesos Added
STAKES JOCKEY CLUB MEXICANO 7 f., 3 & up, June 3 6,250 Pesos Added
HANDICAP PRESIDENCIAL, 1 1-8 ml., 3 & up, June 6 50,000 Pesos Added
 (Stakes nominations close May 1, 1943 except Mexican Bred or Owned Stakes).

CHICAGO RACING DATES

Sportsman's Park—Sat., May 1 to Sat., May 15—13 days.
 Lincoln Fields—Mon., May 17 to Sat., June 19—30 days.
 Fairmount Park—Sat., May 29 to Mon., July 5—28 days.
 Arlington Park—Mon., June 21 to Sat., July 31—36 days.
 Washington Park—Mon., Aug. 2 to Mon., Sept 6—31 days.
 Hawthorne—Tues., Sept. 7 to Sat., Oct. 16—35 days.
 Sportsman's Park—Mon., Oct. 18 to Sat., Oct 30—12 days.
 Fairmount Park—Sat., Aug. 28 to Sat., Oct. 9—32 days.

WARRENTON HUNT

Warrenton, Virginia.
 Established 1887.
 Recognized 1894.



During January, February and March 1943 hounds will meet generally on Wednesdays and Saturdays, with occasional bye-days, weather permitting.

The time and place of meet may be ascertained by telephoning Warrenton 318.

Amory S. Carhart, M. F. H. Col. R. J. Kirkpatrick, Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Christopher Hayes, Acting Secretary. Hunting license required by law.

Raccoon Hunting

Continued from Page One

a coon was what you gentlemen called a 'coloured man'." I explained the difference and as I finished, Tom came out of the marsh, the muddy water squelching from his boots, with the carcass of an old dog raccoon held high above his head away from the eager baying pack. Cotesworth looked at me.

"It's all right," I said, "it's not riot. It won't hurt 'em to break him up. Take the brush off as you would a fox's, and we'll give it to this young lady here"—indicating a little girl who was out on her pony.

"May I keep the mask for myself, Sir?" the Huntsman said. "I've never seen one before."

"Of course," I said. "You'll see many of them before you're through here."

I do not suppose there are many Englishmen—unless they happened to have been camping in the American forests, who have run across raccoons outside of a menagerie: and I doubt if there are any fox-hunters who realize that this same little animal—who, after all, looks not unlike a grey, ring-tailed fox—is usually killed once or twice a

year by many of the American packs. Looking over my own records, I find that the Middlesex accounted for an average of a brace and a half each season for over twenty-five years. We did not make a point of killing them, but hounds often stumbled across them, very much as they stumble across badgers in England. Usually they gave us no sport at all, for the "coon"—as he is called by the country folk—is of the bear family, and though he looks like a fox, he cannot run very fast, nor does he attempt, when found, to evade his pursuers in that way; but when pressed, climbs up the nearest tree and sits there till they have gone away. Many men who are thoroughly familiar with the habits and appearance of a fox, have had no experience with a raccoon, which is, however, hunted and trapped and shot for its fur throughout North America, particularly in the New England States, where the sport of "coon-hunting" is very popular with the farmers and the "village sportsmen."

The raccoon, be it known, is very fond of corn and its depredations in the corn-fields are a source of great annoyance to the average New England farmer, whose corn crop is a

very important factor in his agricultural yield for the year. The raccoons come out of the woods at night and I have seen row upon row of ears, almost ripe enough to go to market, that have been stripped of their husks and partially eaten by these mischievous animals, who will ruin five times as much as they could possibly eat, just as a fox will kill a great many poultry just for the joy of the sport. I suppose "coon-hunting", as it is known, was first initiated in order to stop this sort of damage, but it has unquestionably developed into a sport, added to which the local New England pot-

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**Hosiery Repairing
 Glove Repairing
 Glove Cleaning
 Re-weaving
 In-weaving**

Southern Stelos Co.

618-12th St., N. W.

Washington, D. C.



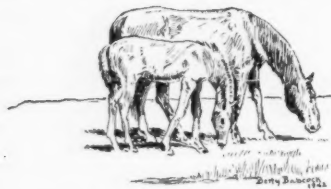
WE WISH YOU SPORTSMEN EVERY SUCCESS IN
 THE EFFORT YOU MUST MAKE TO MAINTAIN
 YOUR SPORT AND YOUR HORSES;

SO THAT YOUR MEN IN THE ARMED FORCES
 MAY COME BACK TO A FULL ENJOYMENT
 OF THEIR HERITAGE, AND YOUR CHILDREN
 HONOR YOU FOR YOUR ACCOMPLISHMENT.

The Chronicle asks you to help us do our part, every
 new subscriber adds to our ammunition, strengthens our
 position in the world of sport with horses in the field.



Horsemen's News-



Waring Proposes Plan For Hunt Meetings During 1943 Season

The United Hunts Racing Association may become the Santa Claus and the saviour of hunts meets along the Atlantic Seaboard, if a plan proposed by Lewis E. Waring, President of that Association, and sanctioned by its Executive Committee, is agreed to by the several hunts associations.

The United Hunts, the only such association which has attracted public support during the past few years, due to its high class steeplechasing and flat racing, and therefore has a surplus, in addition to contributing liberally to war relief and welfare organizations, proposes, under the Waring Plan, to contribute financially to hunts meets during 1943, if those located in several distinct regions combine their Spring meetings.

Such a proposal would undoubtedly keep in training many jumpers whose owners and trainers would otherwise not spend the money to keep them fit for competition, and would, thereby, provide sufficient horses for steeplechase and hurdle events for the 1943 New York racing season.

"Our plan for 1943 hunts meets," said Mr. Waring, who was recently appointed a Member of The New Jersey State Racing Commission, "would be to combine the three meets held annually in the Carolinas—Camden, Aiken and Southern Pines—and hold it as one consolidated meet at the most central place of the three, retaining the outstanding features of the three meets, call it The Camden-Aiken-Southern Pines Hunts Meet, and The United Hunts Racing Association would gladly contribute financially, so that purses for first, second, third and fourth places could be awarded.

"In Virginia, the Middleburg, Warrenton and Richmond hunts meets could be combined. I am not including the Montpelier meet, as Mrs. duPont Scott sponsors and finances that annual meet at her large Virginia estate. In Pennsylvania, Radnor, Pickering, Rose Tree and White Marsh Valley could be held as one.

"If the associations concerned cared to run for more than one day that would be up to them. United Hunts just wants to help, wants to see hunts meets continue during these war days, if consistent with governmental policies, and will do everything possible to assist."

During 1942, United Hunts assisted financially five other hunts meets which probably would not have been held otherwise. Mr. Waring contends that the support of the general public is necessary in order to make hunts meets survive and that all hunt associations should encourage those who do not breed, race, own or train jumpers to attend. United Hunts will endeavor to make a similar proposal to hunt associations for their Fall meets.

MRS. GREENHALGH TO ATTEND AHSA MEETING

From the Berryville section of Virginia will go Mrs. George P. Greenhalgh of the Springsbury Farm, successful hunter and show hunter and jumper stable. Mrs. Greenhalgh is on the American Horse Show Association, the Hunter Division.

The annual meeting of the Association will be held in New York on January 8. There will be much to work out this year, as the curtailment of shows is a foregone conclusion, compared to the way they have been carried out heretofore.

There will undoubtedly be a strong effort made to readjust the getting together of horses for competition. It is essential that the sport go on and the standard set, through such competitions must be maintained. One thing is certain, Mrs. Greenhalgh will go there with the set intention of doing all in her power to promote the "carry on" thought, and cause it to go into action.

Tropical Park Notes

The racing on New Year's day will be in the morning again, so as not to conflict with Orange Bowl football. The 3-year-old-and-upward field at the Gables is strong. Regardless of the size of the crowd and the briskness of speculative activities, there is excellent sport in the offing at the Gables Racing Association course. Washington, Baltimore, California, in fact horses from all over are down there. John Keegan has done a grand job of fixing up the mile oval, most any position is good now. Those who have been campaigned on the Coast during the winter, but are over here now are, the Milky Way Farm; W. L. Ranch of H. M. Warner and the Circle M. Ranch of Edward Moore. Max Wexler's stable from Detroit is down there. Lon Copenhaver detrained a dozen from the California side. Two of the youngsters were from J. L. Patterson's Shasta Butte Farm. Joseph Cohen and his brother from Detroit have a useful stable at the Park. During the first week of January, Herbert Bayard Swope, Chairman of the Board of Directors will be at the Gables course in all probability. He has not been there yet, due to illness.

The present slant on the Tropical Park racing is that it is doing a good job of furnishing sport for those who are there and conditions for owners, trainers, spectators and the horses that run, are such as to offer little to be wanted for all concerned, who like to race at this season of the year, where the weather is worth looking over the rail.

Tropical Park's War Bond drive showed excellent results during the opening week of the 96-day Miami season when sales at the track booths totalled \$27,050. This was a trifle better than \$4,500 a day. If this can be maintained until the close on April 10, it will mean a grand total of \$432,000.

Publicity Release From Bay Meadows Sounds A True Note

Here is a release from Bay Meadows that rang the true note that all sports should sound at this time. Admitted that California is a past master at the subtle art of publicity, yet they have something in this.

The best way to bring racing to the receptive eye of the powers that be is for them to GIVE for the war effort. Maybe the manner of giving has something to do with it. Bay Meadows has not just donated a sum of money to "the war effort", but it has gone about it in a more human and understanding way. Their officials have selected certain men of the forces to receive some form of pleasure. They have been understanding, they will win friends by so doing.

Bay Meadows war time race meeting closed Saturday.

For the most part horses will remain right on the grounds.

Possibility of an early spring session on the Kyne course is recognized.

Restoring the sport to sunny California after a nine month blackout Bay Meadows, under direction of William P. Kyne, general manager, not only led racing out of the wilderness and placed it quickly on a stable basis again, but it achieved for War Effort.

Old Glory waved proudly from the mast in the infield. The sun slid behind the clouds, as the horses rung down the curtain on the Bay Meadows War Time meeting, the first all-out War Relief sports conclave the world has ever seen.

Fittingly the best horse of the meeting—Defense—won the Au Revoir handicap. Defense clattered in front from break to finish line. And in order to induce the patrons to remain for the entire proceedings thus to increase racing's donations to War Relief, the feature tilt was programmed as eighth and final tilt on the card.

Any man with red blood in his veins—and woman, too—must have felt the appeal of patriotism around the Bay Meadows premises on the final Saturday.

First, all net profits went to Treasure Island Naval Station Welfare Fund. Money is spent on comforts and aid for wounded men returning from stations overseas.

Second, USS San Francisco, heroic cruiser, was honored guest of Bay Meadows for the afternoon, as was shown in the following manner

Capt. Albert F. France, commander USS San Francisco, was present, along with other navy officers. His wife, Mrs. France, accepted from William P. Kyne, on the platform at the judges' stand, after the fifth race, a check for \$10,000. She acted on behalf of a committee of navy wives, who will distribute this sum of money from racing, among the widows and dependents of men killed in action aboard the USS San Francisco.

Forty-four members of the USS

MONEY IN POCKET

One stable, prominent in the horse show world of the eastern seaboard has recently cut down ten of its broodmares, or young prospects. They declare that their costs of maintaining a horse is \$40 a month. When they cut down and sell a fair prospect for \$175, in ordinary years worth ever so much more, they are actually realizing not only the \$175 but also \$240. The latter they would otherwise have to pay out in keeping that horse for 6 months more, till next season would come along. Everyone does not keep their horses as luxuriously as does this stable, but the theory is practical and the saving is a certainty whatever the cost per month of carrying the horse through.

San Francisco crew ate dinner in the main clubhouse, guests of California Jockey Club, at invitation of Kyne, and Joe Cohen, assistant general manager. These lads plainly enjoyed the fullest their day ashore.

Downstairs beneath the clubhouse 75 wounded sailors and marines from out-there in the South Pacific, enjoyed a picnic lunch. They were brought from Oakland hospitals by the Jockey Club, this being the fourth party so entertained this season. Capt. Flowers, commandant, declared the week end visits to Bay Meadows "did a world of good for the men."

The premises were policed by Navy Shore Patrol, under Lt. Robert St. Clair. A navy bugler opened the ceremonies and color guard raised the flag to the top of the tall pole located in the infield.

Treasure Island was represented by Capt. R. S. Culp, coordinator of services; and the 12th Naval District by Comdr. Howard McKinley, morale officer. Each entertained a party of navy friends.

As for the race program, it was sensational in extreme. No race less than a mile and a sixteenth. Four features. Red hot finishes and a dead heat for the daily double.

Heavy mutuel play made it one of the season's banner days. In other words, this War Time Bay Meadows meeting, which brought the sport back, from out of the wilderness, under direction of Bill Kyne, ended on a high note.

Contributions to the War Effort and War Relief will be distributed among many organizations, covering the field. Torpedoed seamen of Merchant Marine were first to see evidence of what racing did for them—in the shape of the Darius Mills chateau, and grounds, opened as a recuperation home. Bay Meadows accomplished that.

Navy Welfare, Red Cross, AWVS, S. F. League for Service Men, American War Blind, Canteen Service for soldiers and marines, U. S. S. San Francisco—Associated Charities, California Turf Foundation—these are some of the agencies that benefited financially from the patter of horses' hoofs on the Bay Meadows strip of velvety soil.

A REQUEST TO STALLION OWNERS

Because of the restriction on long distance telephoning and gas and tires, we are not able to make personal contacts with those who have stallions standing this season. We ask you, through The Chronicle, to use us as an advertising medium. We cannot assure you success, but we guarantee to present your stud as thoroughly as possible, to the greatest number of owners of horse farms, reached by any weekly paper.

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

He can carry weight well, up to a certain point.

He has extraordinary soundness—to many that is his most valuable asset.

He has similar campaigning qualities.

The sum of these attributes is no ordinary one. On the contrary, it is the reverse.

But as for a high order of greatness—well, that is a different matter, altogether.

He has now been before the public for three seasons and has run over 50 races. We have had a thoroughly adequate opportunity to take stock of him and what he has to offer.

It adds up to what, in a human being, we call much talent; but not to positive genius.

It has been well said that genius begins where talent leaves off.

And, similarly, it may be said of Whirlaway and other horses like him—for he is not an "only" save in the matter of money-winnings—that it is precisely where he leaves off that the truly superlative horse begins—and goes right on.

Anybody who knows race horses, especially anybody who has witnessed the performances of a few superlative ones, knows what this means.

And farther deponent saith not...

As for money-winnings as the gauge of merit—it is our modern system of racing which has produced that criterion. It did not exist until within comparatively recent times and racing had been going on for centuries before it came into vogue.

As regards its vogue, I can only repeat what previously I have affirmed and reaffirmed about it:

Namely, that when carried beyond a certain point, it is mercenary, sordid, unseemly and unsportsmanlike.

That it is an expression of what is known in the entertainment business as the box-office ideal.

Which, briefly, may be defined as the belief that such a "show" as, let us say, "Abie's Irish Rose", or "Life With Father", which will fill a theatre for two or three years on end and keep "turning 'em away", is much more worth while than anything that Shakespeare, Moliere, or even Dumas, ever wrote.

My demurral to this ideal is and always will be absolute.

"Getting the money"—just getting it—can never affix anything but the dollar-mark upon the getter.

Which will be all for this time.

Show Champions

Continued from Page One

his collection. Among these were the green hunter, hunter and jumper championships at the Blue Ridge show and reserve green hunter at Warrenton. Rolling Rock Farm's *Spanish Spear* was back in his championship form among the green hunters and Miss Betty Couzen's *Spanish Oak* was in for a reserve ribbon at Rochester. Always interesting and closely contested is the outstanding 3-year-old at the old show grounds at Upperville, Va. This year *No Mistake*, owned by E. L. Redmon (now owned by Mrs. Forrest Sherman), won over C. M. Greer, Jr.'s *Clifton's Mark*. The culmination of honors for the hunter progeny in Virginia is the 3-year-old champion of Virginia tri-color at Warrenton. Marbert Farm's *Ferry Landing* won the award and Meadow Lane Farm's *Whistook*—it named as reserve. Other young and green hunters were Otis R. Dodson's

St. Mary; Chuckwood Farm's *Flying King*; Mrs. W. Haggin Perry's *Captain Kelly*; Mrs. Edward Lasker's *Clean Sweep*; John M. Melville's *Victoria*; North Fletcher's *Count Andrew*; Allen Smith's *Sun Sho*; Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Gilbert's *Roi Allenby*; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Hale's *Meadow Play*; E. D. Mulligan's *Numidian* and John Steele's *Black Spot*.

The controversy of *Cornish Hills* vs. *Woodfellow* is still unsettled. Last year *Cornish Hills* was entered in green hunter classes which prevented his competing with *Woodfellow*. At the Warrenton show this year it was generally believed that the matter would be cleared to some extent but the withdrawal of *Woodfellow* still left the question open for argument by some.

The Chronicle has recorded 9 championships and 1 grand championship for *Cornish Hills*. Next in line is Mrs. Elizabeth Correll's middle weight *Imp. Dalchoolin* for whom 4 championships and 6 reserve championships are recorded. Other major champions and reserve champions are U. S. Randle's *Gay Rye Bee* and *Troop*; C. V. Henkel's *Norwood*; Rigan McKinney's *Appie of Blarney*; Miss Patricia duPont's *Woodfellow*; Springsbury Farm's *Ginnico*; Miss Blanche Clark's *Lord Britain*; Mrs. A. G. Barrett's *Camp*; Rolling Rock Farm's *Rector* and *Dr. Grey*; Mrs. W. Haggin Perry's *Magic Luck*; Waverly Farm's *Imp. Demas* and C. H. Dimick's *On Guard*.

Mrs. Correll's *Imp. Dalchoolin* campaigned more extensively in the north and apparently assumes the lead for that section. Although C. H. Dimick's *Imp. On Guard* was the heavyweight and reserve grand champion at Piping Rock, he hails from the mid-west. It is a foregone conclusion in the eastern show circuit that honors go to Mrs. Perry's *Cornish Hills*.

A correspondent in the west informs us that with the shows cut down to one really big one and the championship from it being awarded to Mrs. Barrett's *Camp*, it was rather hard on the western horses to give up the championship to an eastern horse on a year that there were so few shows and only one show to decide it on and one judge.

There is quite a list of open jumper champions and they would readily be fitted into different divisions. Some enter only the open jumping classes while others include the sky-scraper and high jumping classes. The former probably could not attain the 6'-0" and up jumps while the latter have been known to put in a "bad one" at a 4' 6" fence.

H. L. Norton's *Play Girl* stands 1st in our records with 2 championships and 2 reserve championships. At Piping Rock the tri-color went to Russell Stewart's *My Play Girl*. Russell is an owner-rider in the ring on his 2 good jumpers, *My Play Girl* and *My Play Boy*. Joseph Ponzeh's *Randle's Way* is the versatile jumper-hunter, winning championships in each division. In North Carolina William H. Ruffin's *Brazil* and R. C. Jones' *Eggnog* are listed with the good ones. Springsbury Farm's *Big Boy* is a good choice for the ring in both hunter and jumper classes. His performances at Warrenton were outstanding for the jumper championship. Around the District of Columbia the high jumpers, which include the champion of the National in 1941. Miss Margaret Cotter's *Rocksie*; David Martin's *Cateer*; Lt. and Mrs. Alvin Kay's *Smacko*; J. J. Cotter's *King Rock*, and U. S. Randle's *Sport Marvel*. J. J. Wall's *Ballistic* was champion at Philadelphia and reserve to L. M. Hillerson's *Conwell*

Steeplechasing

Continued from Page One

E. D. Axton's *Bill Coffman*; Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark's *Saros*, and Richard Pending's *Greek Flag*, two new ones to be schooled; and Mrs. White's *Forest Ranger*, 7, ch. g. (*Rockminster—Chatterwood*, by *Chatterton*) and Bay Dean, 9, b. g. (*Judge Hay—Jenny Dean*, by **Donnacona*), who set a new track record at Aqueduct in the Glendale Steeplechase Handicap in 1941.

A division of Rokeby and Greentree stables is at J. T. Skinner's stable. Rokeby's string includes *Redlands*, 5, ch. (*Legume—Carrie B.*, by *Short Grass*); *Good Chance*, 10, br. or blk. (*Chance Shot—Sundina*, by **Sun Briar*); *Meeting House*, 8, b. g. (**Sun Chamer—Policy*, by **Toddington*); *Rollo*, 6, br. g., (*Man o'War—*Lady Rosemary*, by *Blandford*); *Beamish Boy*, 4, b. g. (*Sun Meadow—Top Gem*, by *Flag Pole*); *Alpine Light*, 3, b. g. (*Dr. Freeland—Sun Chance*, by *Chance Shot*); *Rokeby Jake*, 3, dk. br. c. (*Jean Valjean—Float*, by *Man o'War*); 2-year-old chestnut gelding (**Tourist II—Sun Chance*, by *Chance Shot*); 2-year-old chestnut filly (*Annapolis—Top Gem*, by *Flag Pole*).

Greentree has two at present. On *The Fence*, 4, dk. br. g. (*Questionnaire—Perhaps So*), and *Equilibrium*, 6, dk. b. g. (*Equipoise—Perhaps So*), the latter had a lot of class as a 2-year-old on the flat.

Mrs. L. A. Livingston's *Fifty-Fifty*, 4, dk. ch. g., (*Mud—Gold Bloc*, by *Gold Stick*); *Briar Hill Farm's Wallover*, 5, br. g. (**Pharomond II—Valette*), and Mrs. J. T. Skinner's *Dundrillin*, 13, br. g. (*His Majesty—Caller Herrin*, by *Luke McLuke*) make up the rest of the 'chasers to be put into training soon. *Dundrillin* has won 26 races and has never been down and has never come back without a rider.

Trainer Ray G. Woolfe is stabling his 'chasers at William Ziegler, Jr.'s Burrland farm. In his string are Mrs. H. A. Black's *Silver Birch*, 4, ch. g. (**Aethelstan II—*White Glade*, by *White Eagle*), winner over hurdles in 1942, R. V. N. Gambrell's *Tioga*, 9, b. g. (**Pot au Feu—Essie Bey*); and Parma, 8, ch. g. (*Messenger—Silver Lustre*); Charles D. Pierce's *Compass Rose*, 4, b. g. (*Annapolis—Brigade Rose*, by **Light Brigade*); M. B. Metcalf, Jr.'s *Kennecott*, 4, ch. g. (*Time Maker—Move Along*, by *Whiskalong*); A. Untermyer's **Kellsboro*, 10, br. g. (*Jackdaw or Rheima—Kellsboro Lass*, by *Oppressor*); *Sky Flier*, 7, ch. g. (*High Cloud—Flirt*, by *Hanbridge*); *Pharabang*, 7, b. g. (**Pharomond II—Go Bang*, by *Thunderer*), and *Illuminator*, who, as a 4-year-old, was the champion at Madison Square Garden, (*Big Blaze—Problematical*, by *Man o'War*); Ray G. Woolfe's *Crackerbox*, 3, (*Crack Brigade—Mistrial*, by *Black Toney*), making his initial start over brush.

Larry Mills has 5 ready to train for Groton Stable. *Salem*, 6, b. g. (*Sir Andrew—Witchcraft*, by *Broomstick*); *Canio*, 8, lt. gr. g. (*Caruso—*Diana D.*, by *Roi Herode*); *Bright And Gay*, 5, blk. g. (**Swift And Sure—Gay Knightess*, by **Bright Knight*); *Watch Tiger*, 5, ch. (**Tom Tiger—Play Flower*) was schooled at Laurel but will have his first start over brush this spring. *Toonerville*, at Devon.

Fewer shows are scheduled for the 1943 season and traveling will be even more difficult. The shows will be, in some cases, absolutely local, but as with racing, breeding and fox hunting, they will go on.

Natural Impulses Are Often Wrong When Riding A Horse

BY STONEY WALTON

There are so many things that come up with riding that are so spontaneous that you don't have time to stop and consider just what is the best action. Experience alone can heal these problems but there are a number of things that will aid the horse when he is in trouble. Your natural impulses are often wrong because they might help to keep you in the saddle or still on board yet it's at the sacrifice of the horse's comfort and balance.

For instance, when a horse rears with you, it's perfectly natural to yank on the reins for dear life, thus keeping you substantially in the saddle but that is just what you should not do. When a horse rears by all means lean forward, and give him his head completely. He will come down all right but with the tug on the reins it's liable to pull him over, off balance and he could fall backwards right on the victim that pulled him. Thus stick with him by going forward, grip with your knees and let him come down to earth at will.

When a horse stumbles nine out of ten people would jerk him up—this is not only hard on his mouth but adds to his loss of balance. Do let him have his head, lean forward, and let him do the scrambling for himself.

If your mount has a tough mouth and takes hold of his bit in preparation to running away—try circling him around and around decreasing the radius till he calms down and is collected again. Some horses won't wear down easily but they'll all come into hand in due course if you stick to it.

Many's the time you've seen some poor soul toiling over a horse that is persistently refusing a jump. They beat and spur him until he's numb to any persuasion. There are many solutions for this. First, try him over some other obstacle, one which he's not apt to be so stale over as the one you've been prodding into for some time. If that doesn't work, get a schooled horse that is sure to go over without hesitation, put him in the lead then follow with your stubborn horse—however don't get in too close, some fifteen or twenty feet should be allowed. With this lead shove him into it, add all the leg pressure that can be accumulated, and the results will likely be in your favor. If your horse is not a persistent refuser and stops just on rare occasions, back him up right from the jump, then push him right into the jump, this doesn't give him time to reconsider so he goes over before he knows what has happened. This is an excellent method, proven time and time again well worth while.

It's an amazing thing but true that the average persons do not

Continued on Page Twenty

4, b. g. (*Granville—Flying Wind*), winner on the flat at Pimlico and Bowie, is another new one to the 'chasing ranks.

As the horses are not yet in training, it is difficult to ascertain just which ones will start when the season opens. However, the foregoing is a list of the ones at the different stables at this time. Others will be on hand when the timber and brush jumps are fixed up for schooling.

Beagles



Bailey's Mills

The Bailey's Mill Beagles, New Vernon, New Jersey, are continuing to hunt the registered country around New Vernon on Sunday afternoons and holidays, having commenced their season on October 18th.

The founder and former master of this pack, Lieutenant Richard Reeve, U. S. N., who is now on active duty on the Pacific, was able to hunt his hounds twice this autumn while on a short leave, and showed the fields some exceptionally good sport. On one afternoon nine hares were found, and one of them ran for thirty-two minutes. A field of seventy-six came out and were entertained afterwards at tea by Colonel and Mrs. Franklin D'Olier. The former joint master, William H. Moore 2nd, is now an Ensign in the Navy. During the summer, Thompson Barker, a veteran sportsman and beagler of long standing, carried on in the Reeves' absence, but feeling he was unable to hunt hounds himself, he has now resigned as joint master, remaining on the hunt committee. Mrs. Richard Reeve is now the master, and is well qualified for the post, as from the beginning she has been most active in every department, and has a thorough practical as well as theoretical knowledge of hounds and hunting. "Bill" Dickenson, the kennel huntsman, is carrying the horn and is an excellent man with hounds as is his brother John Dickenson who assists as a mounted whip, and who has had many years experience with fox hounds both in New Jersey and Virginia.

Hare are abundant this season, four or five often being viewed in an afternoon. Runs have varied from thirty-two minutes to about ten minutes. Hunting is usually with a mixed pack of about ten couple, including the two field champion beagles Mariner and Monarch, and several couple of promising young hounds of the same strain.

Last Sunday, the 13th, in spite of

The Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles

BY CAPTAIN PHILIP K. CROWE

In that same section of Surrey where the immortal Jorrocks used to lean from his "h'enterpriseless brute" and sniff at "are 'untin," beagling carries on today, while the Old Surrey Foxhounds, with which the famous green grocer used to hunt, have passed away. Memories of him and his hunt are still strong in that country, however, and one is almost persuaded that John's ghost hovers, fat and friendly, over the green hills.

The Master of the Worcester Park and Buckland, Mr. H. H. S. Scott-Wiley, kindly invited me out for a day with them and prefaced his invitation with an excellent lunch at the New Inn at Addington. Over the bar hangs a fine Leech picture of Jorrocks and the Yorkshiremen, they were duly toasted.

Hounds met at one in a field near the New Inn. Ten couples in good shape and with a very level workmanlike appearance. The field included ten commando officers, and about twenty members of the other services. A spritely lady of fifty and I whipped into the huntsman, who

a five inch snowfall which stopped only an hour or so before the meet, a field of forty met at the New Vernon Fire House and came back afterwards for an informal tea which was served under the auspices of the Hunt Committee. Hereafter, we plan to have a tea at the Fire House once a month, and different members of the field have offered to be hosts on these occasions.

The present officers of the Bailey's Mill Beagles are: Mrs. Richard Reeve, Master; John Hopkins, Hon. Sec'y. Warren Kinne, Treas; Hon. Whips, C. E. Dunbar, Harry Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Tuttle, and Norman Lawson, one of our very valuable whips, who is no longer in the countryside as he is doing defense work in Virginia.

The Hunt Committee includes: Mrs. Reeve, Mrs. Elliott Averett, Mr. and Mrs. John Hopkins, Mrs. Thomas Turner Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, and the Messrs: Thompson Barker, Warren Kinney Charles Nichols, Charles Dunbar, William Savage, Robert Waterman and Norman Lawson.

As many of your readers know, this is a subscription pack, and there are at present about two hundred subscribers. —E. Throckmorton Cooke (Chairman Hunt Committee).

must have been at least sixty himself.

Drawing East from the village we flushed a strong hare and had a fast twenty minutes before hounds were brought to their noses on a tar road. Trucks full of soldiers were using it then and after a good try we had to whip off and cast again. This time hounds' efforts were duly rewarded with a straight running puss, who led us up hill and down dale for the rest of the afternoon.

Drinking some well earned scotch on our return to the Inn, I gathered some of the history of the pack from the Master. In fact the history of two packs since it was not until 1922 that the Worcester Park joined with the Buckland. To take them one at a time, the Worcester Park was an outgrowth of the Morden Harriers, a trencher fed pack that hunted the country at the same time as Tom Hills presided over the Old Surrey. In 1886 Mr. H. W. Bonsor dissolved the Morden and using some of the smaller hounds plus drafts from the Eton Beagles, started the Worcester Park. A succession of good masters bred fine packs from that time to the present as the returns from the Peterborough Hound Shows attest. The present master took over in 1937 and despite the almost insurmountable difficulties of beagling during the war has carried on ever since.

The Buckland Beagles were started in 1903 by Major Beaumont on his return from the Boer War. His reign lasted till 1909 when Col. T. T. Burt became master, and carried on till the World War of 1914. Hounds were then hunted by Committee until the amalgamation with the Worcester Park.

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Warrenton, Virginia

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Far too many executives, under terrific pressure ever since Pearl Harbor, are far too close to the breakdown neither they nor their country can afford.

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THE HOMESTEAD, a 650-room hotel on its own mountain estate in the Virginia Alleghenies, is just overnight from you on the Chesapeake & Ohio Lines. Address inquiries to THE HOMESTEAD, Hot Springs, Virginia.



PILATE

Chestnut Horse, 1928

By Friar Rock—*Herodias, by The Tetrarch.

To October 1st 17 of Pilate's 2-year-olds had started

14 Had Won a Total of 28½ Races

Two Others Had Placed

One raced unplaced after injuring her back early in her training, and never approached the promise of top yearling trials.

Of the 17 2-year-olds, 15 showed form as high and in most cases considerably higher than their dam's.

One was out of a mare 20 years old. One was not precocious, but showed evidence of good stamina.

Fee \$400

Return

\$300 For stakes winners or dams of stakes winners

One year return if mare fails to get in foal. We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit.

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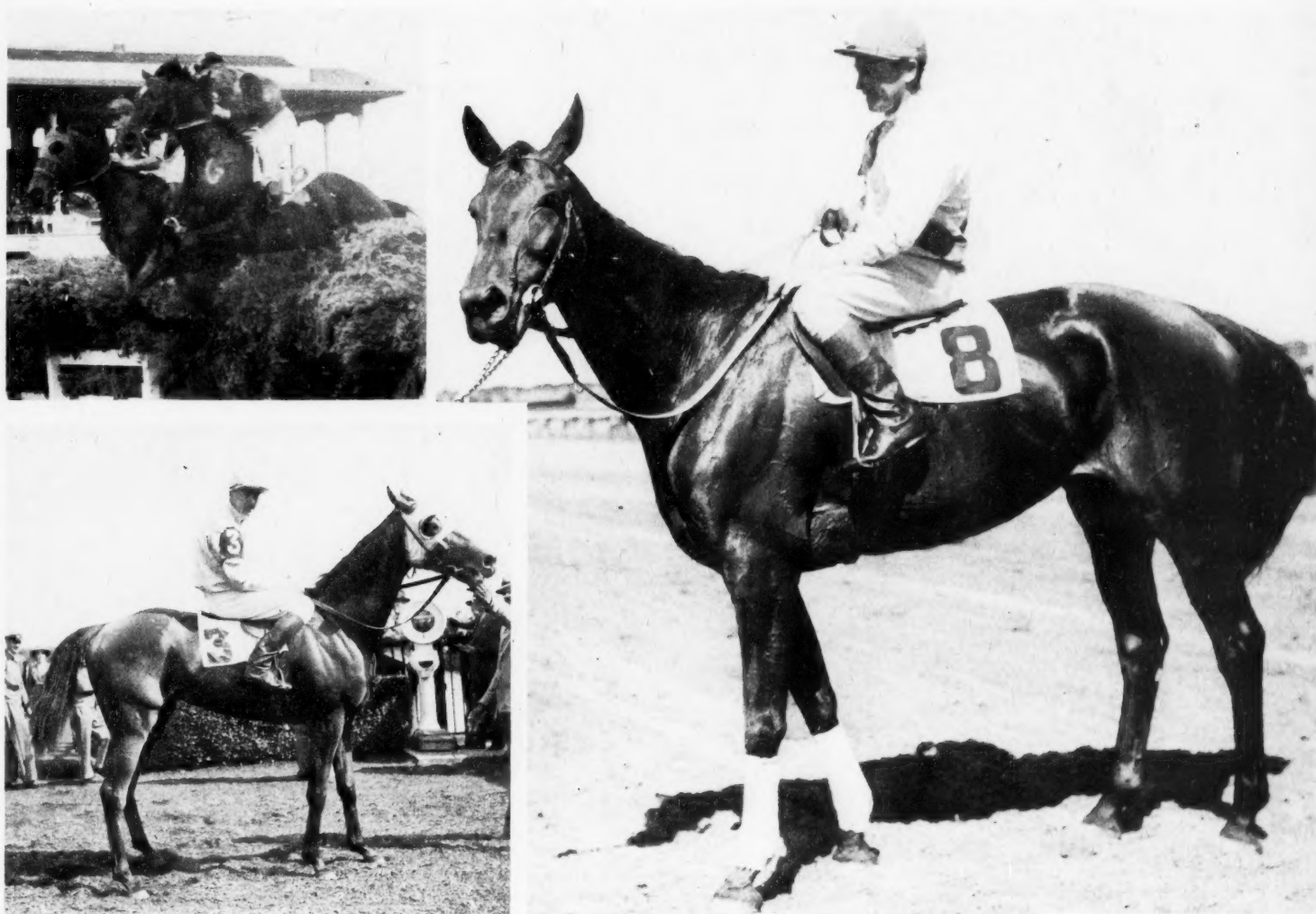
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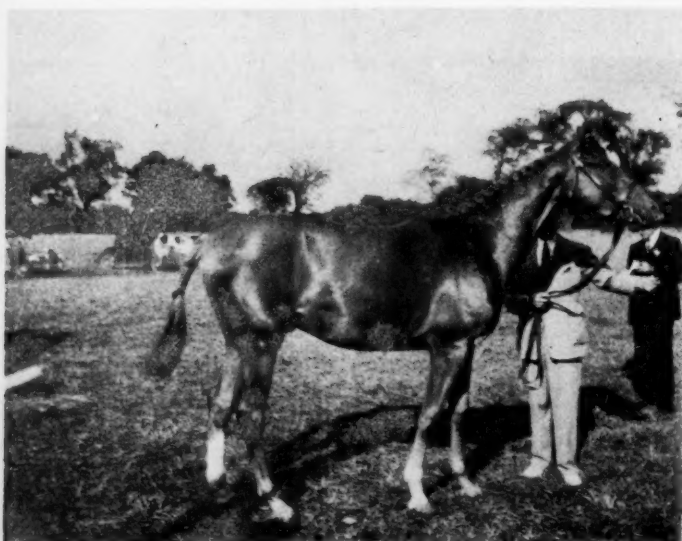


Left top, Mrs. R. H. Crawford's SHIP EXECUTIVE (far left) son of MAN o'WAR, winner of Agua Caliente's The Battleship. The event was named for Montpelier's great MAN o'WAR son, winner of both English and American Grand Nationals. FARRAGUT, a grandson of MAN o'WAR, won the inaugural running. To the right, Robert H. Riticor's YAMMER. Left bottom, Kent Miller's ELKRIDGE (#3) leading money winning 'chaser. ELKRIDGE won purses aggregating \$28,130. SPECULATE, the leader in 1941, won \$20,975. Right, G. H. "Pete" Bostwick's SIMOON, 7-year-old mare, was a consistent winner over brush.



Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark's LOVELY NIGHT, winner over hurdles and brush, has been returned to stud and will make his 1943 season at Elsmade Farm, Lexington, Ky. Inset, Miss Ella Widener's IRON SHOT (#8), a consistent performer at hunt meetings and at the tracks.

YOUNG HUNTER CHAMPIONS



Above top, Mrs. Douglas Prime's 1941 Champion of Virginia, PAPPY, gave good performances in his green classes. Above left, Marbert Farm's 3-year-old Champion of Virginia, FERRY LANDING. Above right, Rolling Rock Farm's SPANISH SPEAR won conformation and hunter tri-color awards. Left, winner of the 2-year-old grand championship in the Genesee Valley, Maxwell H. Glover & Son's RED RANSOME.

Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

Matt Dawson Rode Horseback Over 200 Miles To Attend The Newcastle Races

In view of the recent outbreak of smallpox in Edinburgh an old Scottish trainer writes to ask me if it is correct that once when there was an epidemic in the city the races had to be held on another track. My correspondent is correct, although the transfer was not in the memory of living man. It was in 1832 that cholera was so bad in Edinburgh that the races were run on a course at Gullane, once the Newmarket of Scotland. It was at Gullane that the Dawsons, the I'ansons, the Binnies, the Waughs and Ryans all commenced to train prior to migrating to Yorks and Newmarket. For many years the gallops and race track at Gullane, have been given up to golf. Up to the end of his life the late William I'ansons and William Binnie, the Malton trainers never left the Scottish circuit without paying a visit to the old haunts at Gullane, with which are bound up some many early chapters of Turf history. It is on record that on at least one occasion when his father had runners at Newcastle the famous Matt Dawson started off from Gullane at 3 a. m. on horseback, attended the races at Newcastle, and then rode back to Gullane, reaching home the same night after a journey of over 100 miles each way.

Coursing At Newcastle

Speaking of Newcastle-on-Tyne reminds me of another letter I have received from a correspondent signing himself "Eglinton". He says:

"I wonder how many can recall the last coursing meeting at Gosforth Park. For the Gold Cup three dogs were left in—Sir Robert Jardine's Glenogle, Col. North's Huic Hoila, Mr. Pilkington's Prussima, and one drawn. A heavy snowfall caused the meeting to be abandoned. Col. North took the Cup and Sir Robert Jardine and Mr. Pilkington divided the stake. This was an amicable arrangement. All bets were off. It caused a lot of wrangling in and around Newcastle, especially over sweeps. I had Glenogle well backed and well hedged."

Just as in the days when they were on the Town Moor, Newcastle Races were marked by the cockfighting mains which were inseparable from them, so in later years the Gosforth Park racecourse was very closely associated with coursing. Indeed, Tom Bullock (the father of B. Bullock, the trainer, William Bullock, the jockey, Ralph, the artist, and Tom the well-known greyhound slipper and golfer), trained a lot of greyhounds on and around the Gosforth track. In those days coursing was tremendously popular in Northumberland, some of the most famous greyhounds being trained there. Bertram Bullock, the Cheshire trainer, was born at Gosforth Park during the time his father (who died at a great age in 1920), was training longtails there. The Bullocks have been prominent on the Turf and in the coursing world for well over a century. So long ago as 1861 Ralph (uncle of the present trainer and jockey), won the Derby on Kettle-drum, the same distinction falling to the present William Bullock in 1908,

when he won the Derby and Oaks on Signorinetta. He once told me that the only present he receive for riding these winners was a glass of white wine and a cigar!

Colonel North

Colonel North, incidentally mentioned by my correspondent, will not be remembered by many racing men of this generation, nor will there be many coursing enthusiasts left who saw Gosforth Park deep in snow at what was to be the final coursing meeting there. Col. North, who hailed from Leeds, made a big fortune out of nitrates, and when he commenced racing used to bet like smoke. Unfortunately he took the advice of anyone who told him what to back, and often forgot how many, or what horses he had backed. He was just as irresponsible with his horses, and the late William Allison, (an old friend of mine), who knew the Colonel well, once said:

Col. North might have won many great races, for he had some especially good fillies, particularly Lady Hermit and Bonnie Gal. These were really in top class but, the old Colonel took no notice of training conditions, or trainer's feelings. If he had a crowd of people whom he wished to amuse, he would run them down to Newmarket by special train and insist on a private meeting, all his stable, fit and unfit, taking part in contests. Lady Hermit and Bonnie Gal were ruined in this way. The late Robert Sherwood was driven to distraction by this treatment.

After The War

Speaking of the late Colonel North's heavy wagering I heard an interesting discussion the other day as to whether anyone will have any money to go racing, let alone to bet after the war. The possibilities were argued out and the conclusion arrived at was, I think, the correct one—that for the first year or so after peace is declared, a lot of people will have money to burn. There will be a tremendous Turf boom during that period, and after that there will be a slump, although, racing having been set on its feet again as a going concern, will continue to prosper. There will not, however, be the gate receipts to allow big stakes to be provided at many fixtures, and there will be considerable changes in the list of owners. Many who had a lot of horses in training in 1939 will not have the means at their disposal in 1944, when the war is over. It has been the case, throughout the long history of racing, that when one prominent owner or breeder has dropped out, another has come along to take his place. It used to be the same with men who set out with systems, "information", or considerable wealth, to "break the ring". They failed, but some other rich adventurer stepped into the arena when they took the count and retired. Probably the Americans gave the biggest knocks to the English ring and took most out of it in the days before the practice of "doping" horses was either practiced by English trainers, or forbidden by the Jockey Club. Since the American invasion there have not been many who have wagered to the same extent as did those from U. S. A. Indeed, with a few well-known exceptions, the day of big betting ended with the dawn of this century. There are some who, despite all the efforts to prevent it, will make a pile over this war. Some of them will undoubtedly have a tilt at the ring. They will find men ready to accommodate them, for the courageous pencillers have not all disappeared.

Harry Beasley A Trainer

I have received a number of enquiries regarding Harry Beasley, who has relinquished his license as a jockey and has turned trainer. He intends to remain in Ireland, and has started with a few steeplechasers. Like his younger brother Pat, he commenced his career as an amateur rider in the land of his birth. The three jockey brothers were bred to the game for Harry Beasley, their father, (who died in 1939), won the Grand National in 1891 on Come-away, rode in every National from 1879 to 1892, and competed in a

race at The Curragh when he was 82. Three of the present Harry Beasley's uncles were also famous horsemen. Tom, for instance steered three Grand National winners and was twice second in the big Liverpool race. Although Harry has ridden a lot of winners in Ireland he has not had outstanding success in this country, although he steered Mr. Jinks to win the 1929 Two Thousand Guineas, and Forseti to victory in the 1925 Cesarewitch. Just as inscrutable as Pat (known as 'Rufus' in Turf circles), Harry is a man of

Continued on Page Eighteen

HUNTER DIRECTORY

TO HUNTER OWNERS

There are a great many horses being sold at this time. Many of them are going cheap, but the market is the schools and riding academies, where capable instruction is now the order. These sales will build up a market for future sales of good horses as these riders become more critical of what they are on. We suggest you keep your name before the horse world by registering in the Directory.

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The Chronicle

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THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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Editorials

HUNT MEETINGS IN 1943

It is apparent that because of its generosity during the past rather difficult season of Hunt Meetings, the United Hunts is in a position to almost dictate what it believes to be the right policy for all Hunts to adopt, that is, those that are accustomed to hold an annual meeting, or two meetings during the year. This makes for success in itself, as because of the whip hand that is held by the generous donor of so many much-needed gifts of cash, there will be little necessity to determine who shall be the coordinator.

That there must be a coordinator has been proven in any campaign that has ever been carried to a successful completion. It is then up to that head to name or invite certain persons to form the executive committee.

The energetic and farsighted United Hunts is able to say:—"We have a liberal amount of money to devote to the Hunt Meetings in order that they may carry on during this year of great difficulties. Out of fairness to the United Hunts who are custodians of this fund, collected from sportsmen and to be used for the betterment of sport, we must have a voice in the program that is to be put into effect this year."

This must seem to be a fair demand and the hunt meetings should feel delighted that there is such an organization from which they may receive funds, which they will undoubtedly need. They should still more feel thankful that there is such an association, that has proved beyond a shadow of doubt that it is capable of successfully advising as to, or even dictating the best plan to adopt.

Consolidation of several events at one place, where each hunt may conduct its meeting, almost as if on its own course, seems to be the logical answer to the grave question of transportation and minimizing expenses by means of cooperation. The localities to be chosen must be governed principally by reason of transportation facilities for horses and the sportsmen who will wish to attend.

No one hunt should try to offer inducements for selfish reasons, they should all be willing to recognize a good reason for some location that is other than their own accustomed course, provided it will more readily fill the needs of the majority. No hunt should decide to drop out because it would rather not subscribe to a meeting at all, if it cannot be held on its own land.

This will be a certain test of just how loyal the various hunts are to the common weal of hunt meetings . . . never will there be a more apt time to use the sound saying that "united we stand, divided we fall", than in this organized effort to be made by the very capable United Hunts.

Its seriousness must be recognized by everyone interested, and all hunting men should be able to see how it affects the general welfare of the sport. These meetings bring together those who are willing to spend money for the maintenance of a high class of horses to go over a country. The gathering in itself makes for better unity. Hunt Meetings are a feeding ground for the steeplechasing at the big tracks, they can not only supply horses, but owners, trainers and riders. Not the least of the values is the successful accomplishment of something that is not easy, which makes for further encouragement to go on to other triumphs.

It is, therefore, sufficient to say that the hunts will do well to act on the

suggestions that may be placed before them by the United Hunts. They are willing and eager to be generous benefactors, in this time of stress, the hunts need all the help they can get. They will be wise to work together and consider themselves fortunate in having a proven leader to show them the way over this difficult country, full of obstacles, as 1943 is bound to be.

HORSE SHOWS IN 1943

There is bound to be a drastic change in the policy of the American Horse Shows Association for 1943. The various steps that will tend to curtailment must be well considered. It is possible to cut down so as to meet the limited transportation facilities and still carry on, even cause the shows to work in better unity as a result of everyone having to shoulder part of the burden of responsibility for their continuance.

The program is somewhat comparable to the Hunt Meetings, but there are so many more horses and events involved. It calls for more administrative work. The youngsters must have a large spot, both children and horses, for they are the horse world of tomorrow. The top campaigners must come out again to give the newcomers something to shoot at.

Many small shows throughout the country where there is horse activity must be the answer, local riding schools have a chance to step in and help. Perhaps a leaf could be taken from baseball, in a sense. Let the large shows have their "farms"—that is, small shows which they will help promote through their section and from which the best become eligible to come to the big show, with classes especially for them. In this way responsibility is placed where it will do most good and be of most benefit.

This is not a year to worry about the petty matters of decisions on soundness and such technicalities, it is the time to build a sound operating unit. The Horse Shows Association must demonstrate that it has a real working organization capable of the tactical presentation of a campaign that will circumvent what might be a sad year for horse shows. The Association has an opportunity to go into action this year, when a placid defensive will certainly spell defeat yet an aggressive offensive will result in a decisive victory for the horse world and leave a lasting credit mark to the Association's name.

Letters to Editor

A Yuletide Phantasmagoria

Read Their Hunting

Somewhere in the Pacific.
December 11, 1942.

To the Editor:

Just received your October 23rd issue with official roster of the Organized Hunts of America. Once again let me say for the record that there is no publication which hunting men, who are overseas with the armed forces, read and enjoy more than The Chronicle.

It is a great thing that so many packs are carrying on and I know it must be hard.

And now a plea for the Masters of Foxhounds and Beagles:—Please continue to send in your hunting notes, they mean a lot to us who have to READ our hunting.

Sincerely,

David B. Sharp, Jr.,

Capt. Air Corps,

307 Bomb. Group A. E. F.,

A. P. O. 953, c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, Cal.

P. S.—Will some kind soul please write me Jo Child's address, I have lost track of him? It is Capt. Josiah H. Childs, 504 Squadron, Army Air Base, Saline, Kansas.—Editor.

Los Angeles Expressions

To The Editor

I thought you people down at Berryville would like to know, that I have heard many expressions lately in praise of The Chronicle, most of them admit that it is the best horse paper in America, we usually hear the unkind things or criticism said of us, so that it is nice to hear the other side of the picture. Did you ever get subscriptions from Rudy Smithers and Dorothy Strohm? I think that Tim Durant is about ready to subscribe, might be a good idea to send him a sample copy, his address is 13151 1-2 Sunset Blvd., Village Station, West Los Angeles, he has bought the old Liz Whitney place out here.

Yours, Tom Pilcher.

The Chronicle has been remembered by many sportsmen all over the country, with letters, Christmas cards and other nice evidences of kindly thoughts. From the Mentor of the Horse Show World, comes his 1942 Christmas Book, which custom of writing he started in 1935 and has kept up without a break since then. That Mr. Adrian Van Sinderen should think of us, a modest instrument for recording the horse in the field, is pleasing to say the least of it. That he should think us worth giving one of this very limited and exceedingly beautiful books makes us proud.

Exceedingly good reading, with wonderful illustrations, its composition fills a mere layman with envy, for it is evidence of much ability. The pleasure it will give those who receive it will be as great as that of the writer in its compilation, for it is very clear that he did enjoy the hours he must have spent in doing so.

We in the world of the horse in the field, can render him real assistance in this year which we are entering. Let us take our horses to all the shows that he and his able committees promote for the good of the sport in these difficult times. Even if there are only a few classes, few to help stage the events, let us all be behind that small show, it will afford a day of fun, and be a feeder for the large shows that will undoubtedly be held in limited numbers, in strategically suitable locations.

The Chronicle is primarily for the man who hunts and those who hunt are doing a noble job, this year we hope they will carry their "hunting season" into a year of horse campaigning, that he may continue to prosper. We are all of the "fraternity", so when we cease to hunt let us meet at the small country shows, at the hunt meets, at the place where the "powers that be" decide that it is well to hold a meeting, where the horse in the field can serve his useful purpose.

Continued on Page Sixteen

**ELKRIDGE—
HARFORD HUNT
CLUB**

Monkton,
Maryland.
Merged 1934.
Recognized 1934.



The Elkridge-Harford Hounds have been having a very good year. Two runs last week can easily prove this point. On Thursday, the 24th, hounds met at the clubhouse. The Sprouts were drawn first, but before hounds could even be cheered into covert, they came upon the fresh scent of a fox, they went away quite quickly across the Jerrettsville Pike and ran on across to Atlanta Hall Farm where hounds checked. Huntsman Dallas Leith made casts, but the fox seemed to have vanished from the earth. Hounds were then taken to Albert Pocock's woods. They picked up a few cold trails but could not make much of them. Finally hounds found a fresh fox in the Mill Swamp and slipped away unnoticed to the north through the race course woods.

Fortunately the fox turned and ran back to the Mill Swamp where the remaining hounds were put on the line and where the field joined in the sport. The fox broke out across Dr. Broyle's place and ran on down to Rackard's. Here he turned left-handed, past the Sixty Acre Woods and on down into Verdant Valley. It certainly is a joy to be able to gallop across the broad meadows and jump the line fences in Verdant Valley, the cream of the Maryland country.

Reynard continued his course southward, past Mr. Thurman Stewart's house, across the Hess Road, through Ben Griswold's place and on to Mr. Weirheim's place. He then turned right-handed, across the Manor Road, past Guy Nelson's house, and down to Jackson-Wilson. At this point the country became unfamiliar to the entire field, as we had entered the old Elkridge country, seldom invaded by the present pack.

Hounds continued in a southerly direction for quite a few miles. The country is unpannelled, so the field was forced to creep through gaps, make their way through unknown woods, and gallop only in the open meadows. Finally we made our way down a lane which ran onto a hard road. We followed this for quite a way, but always could hear hounds and sometimes see them running parallel to us. We turned up a lane and from there across a few meadows, until we came onto Mr. Charlie Rieman's place, overlooking Loch Raven. A barbed wire fence then barred all forward progress; therefore, the huntsman and whippers-in dismounted and continued on foot. They didn't have far to go as the fox, who was just about beaten, made his way into an old ice-house, where he was left in peace.

This run was one of the better ones of the season. The pace was not too fast, but fast enough to make things exciting. There was lots of jumping which added thrills to the day. Hounds ran for just about 2 hours, and the point was judged to be about 8 miles, hounds ran a lot further, however.

On Saturday, December 26th, the meet was at Fancy Hill Farm, the estate of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Griswold, III. Hounds drew blank in the coverts to the south and west. They came up through Weirheim's, but still no fox to be found. After a while the old faithful Verdant Valley fox was found in the swamp. He ran down by Mrs. Brennan's swimming pool, left-handed to the Voss house, right-handed through the school house woods, back down Mrs. Drennan's big meadow, and went to

ground on the side of the hill near Mr. Stewart's house.

Hounds then drew the Sixty Acre Woods and the fox was at home. He ran south to Miss Edna Parlett's house and thence straight through Mr. Stewart's paddock, across his lane, turned right-handed across the Hess Road and past Ben Griswold's house. The fox ran down Mrs. Crimin's big meadow, across the Manor Road, past Guy Nelson's house. He then turned right-handed and ran by Clynmalira Church, and continued west towards the Phoenix Woods. It was getting late, so hounds were whipped off, about a mile the other side of Howard Price's, before they could get into the Phoenix Woods, where it would be difficult to get them out. This run was for about an hour and 15 minutes, with a 5-mile point. Naturally the fox took a much more distant route.

The fields have been made up of principally ladies and school age boys and girls. There are also a few men of over army age who get time to come and hunt every so often. There were 22 people out on the Thursday hunt and 27 on Saturday. This is a very good number considering all the people in the army and in war work, also the extreme difficulty of transportation. Ben Griswold has been out hunting 5 or 6 times during his all-too-short leave from the army, but has lost none of his love of the chase or riding ability while in the service of his country. The majority of the field is school age children. This is very encouraging, for they all go very well and are extremely keen; but above all it shows that fox-hunting has a bright future in Maryland and in years to come.—David K. Reeves.

Editor's note:—Here is an excellent example of "young entry with hounds", David Reeves wrote us from Canterbury School, Connecticut, back on the 6th of December, asking us to change his address while on leave, he did not want to miss his paper. He also said he had some experience on the school paper and would be glad to do anything for us while at home. We asked him to give us a report on the hunting with the Elkridge-Harford, by arranging with our regular most loyal contributor first of all. Here is his story, it is proof indeed that the material to carry on with is growing to "Man's estate". The only fly in the ointment is that Reeves has to go back to school where there is no riding or hunting, there seems to be no justice in this world of ours, in spots!

ESSEX FOX HOUNDS

Peapack,
New Jersey.
Established 1912.
Recognized 1912.



All the followers of Essex Fox Hounds were overjoyed to be able to welcome home their Joint-Master, Anderson Fowler, just returned from the Officer's Training School. He is now a Second Lieutenant in the Cavalry and came back for a five day furlough, before entering on his new duties.

Naturally he wanted to hunt every day and took hounds out on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of Christmas week. On Thursday, Dec. 24th, they met at the Kennels at 2 P. M., and drew first the old Kissel place, belonging now to Mr. Alexander Martin. Hounds found almost at once and a good long slow hunt was the result. A much welcomed thaw had set in, the snow was melting fast and a fair scent enabled hounds to fun a fox for the first time in

weeks. It was not a fast hunt, which was just as well, as the going was pretty bad, but a very interesting hunt from the standpoint of huntsmen and field. They covered the Martin, Drum, pierrepont and Griffin farms, and made several large circles which took well over an hour. As the same hounds had to hunt three days in a row, they were taken home after this. Only two or three people turned up at the meet, as it had been an impromptu affair, and there was no time to notify the hunting community.

On Christmas day, the regular meet was at the kennels, at 10 o'clock, in order to have a short day and get people home in time for their Christmas lunch. A fair sized field turned out and the thaw was thawing harder than ever. Andy Fowler hunted hounds himself, as he did all three days, and it was a joy to see him in command once more. We drew the Club covers and several foxes were viewed away. Scent was poor for a couple of hours, and although we did have a few slow hunts, it was not until 12:30 that the run of the day occurred. Hounds drew the little pine spiney, next to the Shelton Martin farm, and went away like lightening. Scent had suddenly become breast high and they fairly raced away with it for a long point to the South. They ran over the Drum, Martin, and Cleland farms, crossed the main road and on to Moore's covert. They made a big loop around this and ran across the Grunwald and Scribner properties to a check near the Agnes Fowler covert. At this point a herd of deer got up and skipped away in different directions. Hounds paid very little attention to them, but were unable to pick up the line of their fox, so we called it a day and rode for home. The pace had been very fast for the first part of the run and the line a good one, over open country all the time, with the going not too bad.

On Saturday, Dec. 26th, hounds met at Hickory Corners at 1 o'clock. It was a most heavenly day, warm and still, the snow almost gone, the ground free of frost in most places. We crossed the river and drew the Rivington Pyne place and Harold Tappin's. A fox went away and

hounds ran it slowly across the Polo grounds and on into the Foxland property. Here scent improved and they ran quite fast for some time. The fox made some big circles and kept everyone on the move. Finally he was lost and hounds pressed on to a fresh draw. Deer had been running about in all directions, which did not help matters at all. There are so many of them now that hounds really pay little more attention to them than if they were cows, especially when they are hunting a fox. At our place it looked like an English Deer Park!

Hounds then drew back toward the Crego place and were then taken to that wonderful cover on John Kean's property, which runs along the river toward Route 31. Two foxes went away from here flying; scent had improved, and hounds raced very fast for fifty minutes! It was as fast a run as we have had this year, all over the open, a beautiful sight. They ran in a big circle to the South, just touched the Ladies country, swung west and then back to the original cover. The fox tried to lose hounds here, but the pace was too fast and he was forced to leave again on a second tour in the open. This time he made another loop, not as fast as the first one, and was finally lost on the Maury Jones' farm. He had crossed several wheat fields at this point, which had probably "padded" up on his feet and the line simply vanished. Probably, he got to ground, and he certainly deserved to save his brush, as he had put up a gallant fight.

A good field turned out and stayed to the end of a very pleasant day. It was growing dark by now and hounds went home, well exercised by three days in a row.

A Correction

Correction in regard to the description of the Thanksgiving Day Hunt of the Essex Fox Hounds.

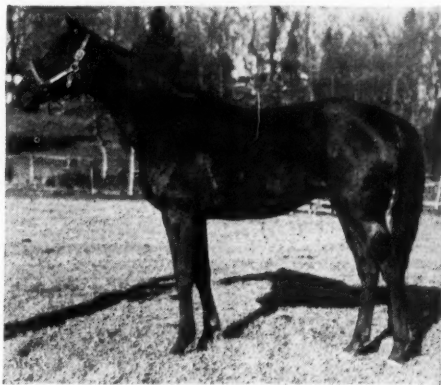
Correction: There was an error in the spelling of the name of one of the whips: Mike Heinz should be Mike Hines, not Heinz. Also the article stated that Ben Johnson was the only one who stayed with the huntsman during the first part of the run. This was a mistake, as Mrs. W. W. Trimpi, and Mr. P. C. Keith were also with Mr. Johnson and the Huntsman throughout the run.

CHARLEY O.

Br., 1930

(PROPERTY OF J. H. WILSON)

A stake winner, by a stake winner, out of a stake winner, brother to a stake winner. Represents a staying line.



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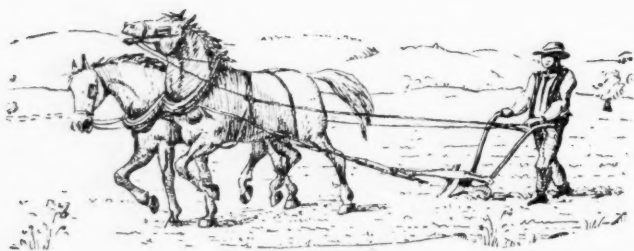
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Farm Topics

BY DAN COX

The past season, which after a short dry period early in the year was followed by months of excessive rainfall, has been a hard one on grain and forage crops. Farmers have an unusual amount of poor hay, fodder and damaged grain on their hands, and it might be well to call attention to the precautions that must be taken in feeding stock at this time to avoid cases of forage poisoning or botulism, often resulting in fatality to the animals that have had access to spoiled feed.

Different classes of animals are better able to select and consume spoiled feed, and in general it may be said that hogs are the most resistant, followed by cattle, sheep and horses in that order. It is sometimes stated that hogs will not be injured by any feed that they select themselves, but this is not true as there are on record instances of herds that have been seriously affected by damaged corn. It is best not to grind damaged grain but offer it to the hogs in the whole state so they may reject the worthless part. Care should be taken in feeding hogs damaged grain as although they are the safest medium for feeding out the worst of the crop, signs of illness should be carefully watched for.

Cattle, next in order, are less subject to injury from feeding slightly damaged grain or low grade hay and fodder. They will usually reject grain that is unfit for them to eat as well as moldy hay or fodder. Re-

garding molds in general, Morrison states in "Feeds and Feeding"—"Common molds are not poisonous in themselves, but the presence of molds indicate other changes have taken place producing poisons." However, here again, cattle that are being fed any such damaged feed should be most carefully watched for any signs of illness.

We must not feed any suspicious grain or roughage to sheep or horses, or we will run into trouble. When sheep have to be taken off pasture, they must be fed grain of good quality, supplemented with good clean hay and any attempt to use up moldy hay or damaged grain will be courting disaster.

Lastly horses as a class are the most susceptible to illness from damaged feeds and therefore we must be particularly careful that only corn that is hard, dry and sound be fed with hay that was properly cured and is bright and clean. In selecting corn for your horses pick out only the best ears, and in any doubtful case break the ear to look for mold along the cob. Failure to take such precautions may result in the alarming symptoms of forage poisoning, which makes its presence known by disturbances of the brain and spinal cord, with the animal staggering about apparently blind to his surroundings or showing unusual nervous reactions such as kicking and pawing in his stall. The outcome is apt to be fatal.

News From Cornell

Blood tests of 3300 herds in 51 counties of New York State have shown that 70 per cent of these herds were infected with Bang's disease. Cornell has a bulletin describing methods of control for this costly disease. Single copies of Bulletin E-326, "Bang's Disease in Cattle", are available to residents of New York State who write to the Office of Publications, New York State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.

Trial plantings of ladino clover and birdsfoot trefoil, two promising new legume hay crops, have shown value in this, their second year after planting, in 125 demonstration areas of New York State.

Ladino clover is ready to cut before clover, alfalfa and timothy, while the birdsfoot trefoil matures late, and can be cut after clover and alfalfa have been harvested and still make good quality hay, says Prof. E. Van Alstine of the New York State College of Agriculture. These two crops enable a farmer to do his haying over a longer period of time, without the need for so

many workers in one short season.

Most of the seedlings of trefoil and ladino clover are on hill lands of comparatively low fertility, in southern and west-central New York, in fields near red, and alsike clover and alfalfa, for comparison. Although the summer of 1941 was very dry, most of the seedlings were successful, and are growing well after their second season. The first year, most farmers preferred the quick-growing ladino clover as hay; this year more of the farmers preferred the birdsfoot trefoil for hay.

In Delaware and Otsego counties, a survey of 35 plantings of the two crops showed that they may be valuable to lowland as well as hill farms, to improve the hay crop. Unless they are pastured closely, both new legumes should last for a long period of years in the meadows, without reseeding.

Birdsfoot trefoil cannot be pastured the year it is sown, as it grows so slowly that the plants may be killed by pasturing. Likewise, it cannot be mixed with quick growing grasses or clovers in a seeding mixture.

Salt

BY BEVERLEY WHITING

Salt is one natural resource which is practically inexhaustible. It is said that the world produces about 29 million tons a year, a third of it in the United States. But known salt deposits on land total 325,000 cubic miles and the ocean's content is approximately 4,800,000 cubic miles more. The ocean salt alone would cover the United States to a depth of one and one half miles.

This article will stress chiefly the Agricultural uses of salt. All farm animals need salt in their daily diet just as a human does. An animal can get along for awhile without salt by drawing upon its own reserves, but they will gradually grow thin, lose vitality, and the hair will become rough.

Experiments have been made with cows by the Wisconsin Agricultural Experimental Station. These tests showed that the cows deprived of all salt had a complete physical breakdown in less than a year. Of course all farm animals, horses, pigs, sheep, steers and cow need salt, but some animals seem to be able to regulate their consumption of it better than others. Pigs and poultry are most likely to consume more salt than is good for them, if they have been deprived of the proper amount for a long while. Horses will eat from 1-2 to 1 1-2 ounces per day. Dairy Cows should have all the salt they want (United States Farmers' Bulletin 1470). Cows ought to have 3-4 of an ounce a day for every thousand pounds of live weight, plus 3-10 of an ounce a day for each ten pounds of milk produced (Wisconsin Agricultural Experimental Station, 1933).

The usual salt ration for poultry is 1-2 per cent salt mixed with the feed. Naturally when a work animal such as the horse, sweats, it will require more salt than usual. Salt costs so little, that generally speaking, the best plan is to keep it before most animals at all times and the animal itself will regulate its own intake.

The salt block is one of the best ways in which to feed it. The fifty pound blocks come either, plain, sulfurized or iodized. In the block form the salt is not so easily washed away by rains and the animal runs less risk of getting too much at one time. Most blocks have a hole in them so that they can be put up on a stake in the field and thus be kept cleaner. Some farmers prefer to make a salt box, so constructed that rains won't beat into it. This can be done by building a lean-to roof on the weather side of the box. Loose salt, either fine or coarse, can be fed from these boxes without much loss.

Although most stock raisers use either the plain or sulphur blocks, iodized blocks should be used in some parts of the country. In mountain regions such as our own, there

is often a shortage of iodine in the food and water supplies. This causes the disease, Goiter, in both man and beast, but can be largely overcome by a small addition of potassium iodide to the salt blocks.

Other uses of salt on the farm can also be mentioned. It can be used with restraint as a weed killer. Though not generally thought of as a fertilizer it is used as such in the culture of Asparagus. It makes potash and Phosphates more available. Salt, is also used on hay. It makes it more palatable and makes it keep better. A fine salt is recommended, used at a rate of fifteen to twenty pounds per ton.

Today we are interested also to know just what part every product plays in the war effort. Salt plays a major role. It is the basis for the Sulfa drugs which are saving the lives of many soldiers. It is used to clear the Airplane runways of ice. It is used in the process of extracting Magnesium the essential element

Continued on Page Nineteen

HERD DIRECTORY

In order to assist readers of The Chronicle who pay especial attention to maximum production from their farms, we present this directory of the owners of good herds of the country. We hope that it will prove of benefit to those who sell and also buy.

MARYLAND

ABERDEEN-ANGUS BEEF CATTLE
FERCHERON DRAFT HORSES
MONOCACY FARMS Frederick, Md.

VIRGINIA

CHAPEL HILL FARM
ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE
Herd sire Eric 2nd of Redgate 597295
T. B. and Bangs Accredited
DAVID R. DONOVAN, Mgr.
Chapel Hill, Berryville, Va.

POLLED SHORTHORN BEEF CATTLE
International Grand Champion Bulls
on straight Scotch Foundation females.
Top converters of grass into beef at weight for age.

MR. AND MRS. A. MACKAY SMITH
Farnley Farm White Post, Va.

MONTANA HALL SHORTHORNS
Cows from the best horned and polled families
Will calve to OAKWOOD PURE GOLDx
A few promising calves (horned and polled)
now available
White Post, Va.

WEST VIRGINIA

OLIVEBOY REGISTERED HEREFORDS
PRINCE DOMINO (MISCHIEFS)
JAMES M. WOLFE
Charles Town, W. Va. Phone 5-F-24

Learn About the Three
Kinds of SHORTHORNS
FREE Booklets

1 "Farm the Dual Way." A practical illustrated booklet. Will help you make more money on your farm with easy fleshed, high-producing Milking Shorthorn cows. 2

2 "Polled Shorthorns." Complete. Fully illustrated. Tells all about this great hornless beef breed and where to buy foundation stock. 3

3 "Farm Security with Shorthorns." Cram-full of educational facts and pictures on what Shorthorns can do for you and why they are the Universal Breed.

Tell us which you want—we'll do the rest

AMERICAN SHORTHORN BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION
Dept. 631 Union Stock Yards Chicago, Illinois

Herberts Hill Farms Inc.
R. D. 6, West Chester, Pa.
Aberdeen-Angus Cattle

Home of the Senior and Junior Champion cows and the Junior Champion bull of the Reading and Allentown Fairs of 1942.

Bred Heifers for Sale
SEE OUR OUTSTANDING CALF CROP
JOHN GEROW, Manager

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OUTSTANDING OPEN JUMPER PERFORMERS



A champion at Piping Rock, Russell Stewart's MY PLAY GIRL.



Springbury Stable's versatile BIG BOY, a hunter and jumper champion.



RANDLE'S WAY, owned by Joseph Pohzehl, had to jump some of the larger jumps for his awards.

Raccoon Hunting

Continued from Page Three

hunter makes quite a decent living from the sale of the pelts to the commercial fur buyer, a prime coon skin being worth, in these days, from two to two and a half dollars. But putting all the commercial aspects of the game aside, coon hunting, which is almost invariably practised at night, is a common sport in New England rural districts.

At Millbrook, in Dutchess County, New York, close to the Connecticut border, coon hunting has been popular for many years. During the autumn of 1915, it so happened that I was invited by Oakleigh Thorne, Esq., the Master of the Millbrook Hunt, to bring my pack to hunt that country. The Middlesex, be it known, was always a private pack—what I suppose might be termed a "free lance" pack; and since I had no regular field of any size, I always felt at liberty to take my hounds where I listed, for part of the season. As I say, in 1915, I happened to be at Millbrook, and it was there that I had several very enjoyable evenings behind Tom Jarrett's coon hounds, which were loaned to the Master for these occasions. Tom Jarrett had known the Master as a boy and they had hunted and shot together for many years.

We were sitting around Mr. Thorne's library one evening after hunting, discussing sport in general, when one of the girls (I think it was the "red vixen" as a certain auburn-haired Diana had been nicknamed) said to our host, "Master, you've been talking an awful lot about coon hunting. Can't you get up a coon hunt for us?" Thorne laughed.

"Yes," he said, "I think I can, and I'll get Tom Jarrett to bring along his coon hounds and we'll see if we can't have some fun. There ought to be a good moon next week. How would Thursday night do? There's no hunting Friday, and it won't matter how late we get to bed. I'll tell you," he went on, "we'll all dine here about half past seven; then drive up to Turkey Hollow, and start from there at nine o'clock. How will that do?"

Of course we all thought it "would do" very well, and accordingly, a week later, after a good dinner at "Thornedale", we started out from the camp at Turkey Hollow, where the Master used to keep the fishing tackle with which he was wont to tempt the brown trout in the Spring. It is a long time ago but I can remember many of the people

who were there that evening. Bryce Wing, now Master of the Elkridge-Harford Hounds in Maryland; Birdseye Lewis, who was killed in France during the last Great War; Doctor and Mrs. Flint of "Overlook"; the "red vixen" and her husband; Ned Carle, from whom, even to-day, I get my information about the sport that goes on in America; Crawford Burton and his pretty wife; and perhaps half a dozen others whom I have forgotten and of course the Master himself. Jarrett was there, with his two dogs, solemn-looking hounds of the old New England "fox dog" type.

It was close to ten o'clock when we started out, but there was a moon and we figured on being able to follow without too much difficulty. Jarrett turned loose his two dogs, near Turkey Hollow pond.

"They'll maybe pick up a coon trail near the water," he said, "the coons 'round here always come down to the pond at night to catch fish, and I've seen their tracks in the mud on the edge every morning. You folks just work along down the wood road toward Amenia, and maybe we'll hear one of the dogs give tongue before long."

It was pretty cold, but we all had on our thick clothes, and there were many flasks in the party. By and by someone began to sing—Bryce Wing, I think it was—but old Jarrett, who was not far ahead, was a stern martinet in "the field", and Bryce had not sung his first verse before he was interrupted with a rasping command to "stop that caterwauling."

"How the Hell do you think I can hear the hounds, if you're singin'?" he said. And Bryce subsided.

It was not long before we heard a deep-toned note of a hound. "That's 'Sinner'" said our "hunterman". "He don't tell no lies, but he'll have to hunt up to him before 'Satan' that's my other houn'-dawg says a word then you'll hear hell break loose."

We followed Jarrett, who lead us safely across the brook and down its bank for about a quarter of a mile, and then we heard "hell break loose" as young "Satan" hit off the line and speaking in a high excited key drove on past the older hound, and forced the pace a bit. We had been able to keep up with "Sinner", but the younger dog soon outdistanced us, and had it not been for his more methodical companion, we might have had no more fun that night. But the old dog kept on 'towing' on the line, and at the end of twenty minutes we heard the leader 'speaking' this time in quite

a different key, not far off.

"Reckon he's treed him" said Jarrett, and sure enough in due course, by dint of scrambling and stumbling and climbing over fallen trees, we all eventually arrived at an old dead pine tree, at the foot of which the two "houn"—dawgs" were marking—if one may use that term. Looking up, we thought we could descry the form of our quarry sitting safely in a crotch, some forty feet from the ground, and the question then arose as to what was to be done. No one had a gun and I do not think that, with the crowd which was out, shooting would have been a very popular method to employ anyway. After a somewhat lengthy council of war, it was decided that Jarrett's son, who had come along, should climb up the tree and poke him down.

"It's either that, or chop the tree down", said Jarrett, "and that would take a long time, and Bill don't mind anyhow." I am not sure that Bill appreciated the honour as much as his father gave him credit for, but he was game, and he did go up that tree and poked the coon from behind so that he lost his balance and fell to the ground in the midst of all of us who were watching the proceedings. For a minute there was pandemonium. The girls screamed and the men swore and the two dogs made frantic efforts to get at their quarry. I do not know who had the "mask" and the "brush" that night, but I do remember that we all had a good time, and that in all probability, the "cap" which was made up for Tom Jarrett brought him more than any coon he had killed for a good many months. It was great fun, but then, we had lots of fun in those days.

Origin Of Horse Shows

Continued from Page Two

County (Northampton) produces the most strong and ostentatious. To keep up a Breed for any Use whatever, he gives Plates for the best performing Horse in every way in which that Animal can be serviceable. There is such a Prize for him that trots best, such for the best Walker, such for the best Galloper, such for the best Pacer, then for him that draws most in such a Time to such a Place, then to him that carries best such a Load on his Back. He delights in this, and has an admirable Fancy in the dress of the Riders. Some admired Country Girl is to hold the Prize, her lovers to trot, and not to mend their Pace into a Gallop, when they are out-trotted by a Rival; some known Country Wit to come upon the best Pacer; these and like little joyful Arts, gain him the Love of all those who do not know his Worth, and the Esteem of all who do. Sir Harry is no friend to the race-Horse; he is of Opinion it is inhumane, that Animals should be put upon their utmost Strength and Metal for our Diversion only. However, not to be particular, he puts in for the Queen's Plate every year, with Orders to his Rider never to win or be distanced; and, like a Good Country Gentleman, says, Is is a fault in all Ministries that they encourage no kind of Horses but those that are swift."

So much for early days. The first of the modern shows for horses only was The Agricultural Hall Horse Show, which Mr. S. Sidney opened in 1864.—Yours, &c., Eye, Suffolk, March 24. Ernest E. Hutton.

BROOKMEADE FARM STALLIONS

(Property of Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane)

1943 Season

OKAPI

Brown, 1930

OKAPI	Eternal.....	Sweep.....	Ben Brush
			Pink Domino
		Hazel Burke.....	Sempronius
			Retained II
Oktibbena.....		*Rock Sand.....	Sanfoin
			Roquebrune
		Octoroon.....	Hastings
			*Ortega

Fee \$250

To Guarantee a Live Foal

PSYCHIC BID

Chestnut, 1932

PSYCHIC BID	Chance Play.....	Fair Play.....	Hastings
			*Fairy Gold
		*Quelle Chance.....	Ethelbert
			*Qu'Elle est Belle II
*Queen Herod.....		Tetratema.....	The Tetrarch
			Scotch Gift
		Reine de Neige.....	Roi Herode
			Snowflight

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WM. WRIGHT

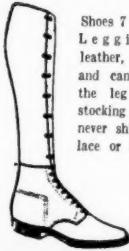
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RIDING BREECHES



High-Class & Correct Ready-to-Wear and Made to Order Riding Breeches For Hunting, Polo, Racing and Pleasure.

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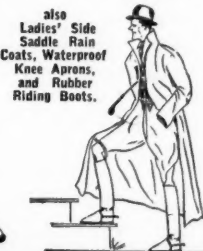
Shoes 7 in. high. Leggings in leather, boxcloth and canvas. Fit the leg like a stocking and never shift. To lace or button.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Field Boots



Ladies' and Gentlemen's Waterproof Rain Coats

Have Raglan Sleeves, Inner Storm Cuffs, and Leg Strap to Keep Coat from Blowing Off the Knee.



also Ladies' Side Saddle Rain Coats, Waterproof Knee Aprons, and Rubber Riding Boots.

Also Gloves, Stock Ties, Hunting Shirts and other Accessories. Hunting Appointments. New and Used Saddles, Bridles by Whippy, Barnsby, etc.

WAR and the HORSE



REGULAR ARMY HORSEMEN IN ALL COMMANDS

Talking to a West Point graduate of 1930, a Field Artilleryman, it was apparent that there are Cavalrymen and Field Artillerymen, from prewar horsed units, in responsible commands through the army. The majority of them seem to have combat units such as tanks, mechanized cavalry, motor drawn guns and such rapid moving arms. These comparatively young officers are stepped up rapidly with rank commensurate with the command they are fitted to hold. For instance, the class of 1930, in this instance, has this officer as a Lieutenant-Colonel, fast promotion for 12 years in the service, but it is young and capable men who are fitted for such duty.

Foxhunter Captures General Von Thoma

So read the headline in a AP release from London, dated December 23. "Captain Grant Singer, who learned about reconnaissance as master of foxhounds in west England, was credited posthumously today with the capture of the German General Ritter Von Thoma soon after the British 8th Army's decisive break-through from El Alamein, Egypt, into the Libyan desert."

Captain Singer of the Hussars, was killed in action, the day after the General was taken as the result of Singer's daring exploits as a tank-spotter in a British counterpart of an American Jeep.

The War Office detailing the feat stated, that Singer's job was to pick out tank targets and radio their position back to the British. One day he sighted two tanks in front of him, with no British tanks nearby to engage them. A shell from one went through his Jeep before Singer located a British tank.

He jumped from his car onto the British tank, which made a hit and the Germans jumped out of one tank into a small trench. Captain Singer rounded up the crew, among them was General Von Thoma, slightly wounded in the leg.

After he was captured, the General presented Singer with his field glasses, Singer took his address and promised to return them after the war.

The General was then taken to Gen. Sir Bernhard L. Montgomery. They dined together and refought the opening phases of the desert battle, sketching their strategic moves on the oil cloth table cover. Von Thoma was then sent to England.

Colonel Harding Polk

By BUD BURMESTER

The unexpected death of Colonel Harding Polk, who retired in 1940 after more than 30 years' service in the United States Cavalry, Monday in Fort Worth removed from the State one of its most colorful military and civil personages. Horsemen and ranchers, too, were shocked at the untimely passing of Harding, who, at 55, had crammed into his life more excitement and really worth while adventure than most men.

Col. Polk, son of Capt. and Mrs. J. H. Polk, who came to Fort Worth in 1885 from Nashville, Tenn., came from a military family. He was the third member of his family to pass this year, his mother dying in June, and his brother, Judge George W. Polk, prominent sportsman and breeder, passing in August.

As a youth, Col. Polk attended Virginia Military Institute, and later was a cadet at the United States Military Academy, from where he graduated in 1910 and was commissioned in the cavalry. His later tours of duty included Fort Riley, Kansas, from where he went into Mexico with General J. J. Pershing. After

serving in France during World War I, Col. Polk returned to the General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, holding the rank of major. In 1922, he returned to VMI as commandant, remaining four years. He then returned to duty with the First Cavalry at Marfa, Texas, then to Des Moines, Iowa, where he was in charge of cavalry reserve officers' activities. Promotion to Lieut.-Colonel and transfer to Fort Bliss, Texas followed, and a short term with his beloved Seventh Cavalry followed. Later, after being promoted to full Colonel, Polk was transferred to Fort Sheridan, Ill., and was at this point when retired in 1940.

Col. Polk is survived by his widow, a daughter, Mrs. A. H. Wilson, Jr., whose husband is a captain at the United States Army Glider school, Lubbock, and three sons, all of whom are in military service. They are Lieut.-Col. J. H. Polk, tactical officer at the United States Military Academy, West Point; Major John F. Polk, of the 115 Cavalry, Fort Lewis, Washington, and Midshipman Thomas H. Polk, of the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis.

Kick The Boys Goodbye

or

"How To Build Up The Army's Morale"

By GORDON WRIGHT

Four months ago, I left a successful riding academy business, a young son, a lot of swell friends, and a pretty comfortable way of life, to enlist in the Army. A lot of people thought I was crazy to do it. "The draft board will probably never get around to you," they said, and I said I knew that, and that's why I wanted to do it this way. I felt I was needed, and I felt I ought to go. "Well", they said, finally, "it's swell of you to feel that way about it. And since you're determined to go, why, go with a clear mind. Don't worry about your business or about anything here at home, because we'll take care of all that for you."

Today, I got a letter from home. It was rather a long letter, and reading it, I couldn't help letting my mind wander back over these months, to that day when I shook hands and everyone said "goodbye and take care of yourself and don't worry." I couldn't help remembering the nice, warm glow I departed with, and how I didn't mind K. P. or marching until my feet were a couple of raw blisters or walking guard during those hours between dark and daylight when the folks at home were curled up in bed, sleeping warmly. I thought of all that, and then my mind came circling back to this letter, and I thought how funny it is, the way people change.

Because now, everything was suddenly different. Now, there were a lot of things to worry about, back home. A lot of horses that I'd left in pretty good condition, didn't seem to be so good any more. At shows, on the bridge paths, or standing beside a bar, hints were dropped, rumors begun. "Nice horse you've got, there. Too bad he's got such a bad case of thrush." Or, "It's amazing how that horse has fallen off. Of course, no stable is run right when the boss is away. I'd like to put fifty pounds on that horse for

you." Or even, "Why, that horse might kill you, he's so sour. Why don't you let me straighten him out for you..."

So they had written me, asking me what they ought to do, and I sat there for a long time, reading the letter over again, and thinking what to say to them. And then I looked around at the other boys sitting in the canteen that afternoon, reading letters from home. Letters that told of some wolf who'd taken a fellow's girl away from him—the girl who'd promised to wait—or of some little business that wasn't going to be there, after all, when the guy got home, because some patriotic competitor was taking care of it for him; and I saw how their faces dropped and quieted, and instead of writing a letter, I thought I'd write this, and maybe it'd get published, and maybe somebody, reading it, would understand how we feel out here.

Maybe they'll get a little idea of what it's like to lie on your bunk at night, dead tired, lonely as hell for all the things you've left behind you, listening to "Taps", and remembering. Remembering how the folks back home promised to write, promised to take care of the little business you'd spent ten or fifteen years of your life building up. Remembering the girl who promised to wait. Remembering the people who promised to remember YOU, to see to it that while you were out fighting for them, maybe dying for them, they wouldn't let you down, back on the home front.

At the railroad station, they kissed the boys goodbye. But to some of us in the Army, it begins to look as though, four months later, the kisses have turned to kicks. We're gone, and now it's every man for himself to settle down, like a lot of vultures, and feed on what we've left!

Well, maybe it's not like that. We'd like to believe it isn't. We'd

5,500 GERMAN HORSES CAPTURED BY RUSSIANS 4

A report of captured men and equipment made by the Russians from the retreating Germans includes 5,550 horses. This is significant. This number is a great many horses, it shows that Germany is using them in their effort to draw on all their resources, of which horses are one. It also shows that animals in great numbers are used by them for drawing guns and supplies over the rough going which is bound to be encountered at this time in their eastward trek. With our army estimating 37,000 horses, this is more than 1-7th of all our horses in the army.

Cavalry Wins Again

In the Washington Post magazine section this week, on a page by Fred Sparks we find the following, which is permissible as evidence of the value of Cavalry for other purposes than fighting on horseback. In a popularity contest on the subject of what army branch produces the most "romantic boy friend", out of a total of 100 girls these were the results:—Cavalry—27, Infantry—19, Artillery—18, Paratroops—15, Signal Corps—10, Quartermaster—10, Armored Division—1. The reason for the Cavalry plurality, it seems, is that most girls "love boots and the smell of horses". The armored division ran so low because the panzer boys are always in too much of a hurry!

Cavalry School Remembers Wives

The wife of a prospective candidate for O. C. S. received the following Christmas card on Christmas eve, it is an example of the spirit of the Cavalry. "The Commanding General, officers and men of the Cavalry Replacement Training Centre extend Greetings of the Season, with best wishes for the New Year."

It is attractively printed with the emblem at the top.

Polo Playing Food Administrator

Walter F. Dillingham, well known polo player of the Hawaiian Islands is acting as food administrator for the military government that now exists over there, he was appointed by Lieut.-General Delos C. Emmons.

Yuletide

Continued from Page Ten

The Chronicle will offer the reports of these events as a pleasing recording of what you do to keep the horse in sport as active as conditions will allow. To Mr. Van Sinderen go our heartiest wishes for a successful and not too difficult year of accomplishment as head of the Horse Shows of America.

like to believe that the men in uniform aren't the only ones who've gone to war, that the folks back home have gone to war, too. That they're fighting, back there, to see that all the things their sons and husbands and fathers have gone to war to preserve—the small businesses, the homes, the families—will be there, waiting for us, when we get back.

So kiss the boys goodbye, wave the flags, tell them they're departing heroes, and keep hands off the things they've left behind—for the duration!

Grand National

Continued from Page One

ing 5 miles, to be chosen by the Umpire, or such other persons as he may appoint. Winner of one Hurdle Race or Steeplechase before the day of running, to carry 5 lbs extra, two, 7 lbs extra. The second horse to receive back his stake. The course to be shown to the riders on the morning of the race, and the Umpire to have the power of ordering them to start whenever he may think reasonable time shall have elapsed to allow them to go to the starting post, and such horses as do not start to be considered as distanced.

For this big event there were only four starters, Mr. Sirdelfield's chestnut gelding, **The Duke**, ridden by Mr. Henry Potts, Mr. Knaresboro's **Dan O'Connell**, an entry from Ireland ridden by his owner, Mr. Williamson's chestnut gelding, **The Disowned** ridden by Mr. McDonough, and Mr. Sharratt's aged brown gelding **Zanga** ridden by Mr. Devine. Three other entries, **Bilk**, **Seagull** and **Polyanthus** were scratched overnight. The course was twice around, a total distance of five miles, over a succession of ordinary and easy fences, except one, which proved to be the trial of the race, it consisted of a bank about six feet high, with a low thorn hedge growing on top, and in front of it, was a rather wide ditch. The only rules of the race were, to go outside of all flags, leaving all of them on the left. Only two horses finished, **The Duke** winning by thirty yards, from the **Disowned**, **Dan O'Connell** refused and **Zanga** fell, and so ended the first Grand National, time of the race was fifteen minutes. Two years later in 1839 brought to light one of the most famous of horses to win, in John Elmore's **Lottery**, whose name will ever be legend in the steeplechasing world. As a mealy brown colt he was taken to Horncastle Horse Fair, where he was purchased by Elmore a horse dealer for six hundred dollars, and afterwards turned out to be, one of the best horses that ever looked through a bridle, winning steeplechases all over the country, until the bar was put up against him, finally the conditions of steeplechases read,—open to all horses except **Lottery**, he did however run in the National again in 1940 and fell. He finished his wonderful career, as a hack for his jockey George Dockeray.

It was during this 1839 race that we hear of Capt. Beecher, after whom the famous jump, known as Beechers Brook is named. Capt. Beecher according to records was a great personality, as well as a great horseman, his title of Captain was largely a courtesy one, for he was in no sense a soldier, actually he had a job in the store-keepers department of the War Office, at the time of the Battle of Waterloo. However to get back to the race of 1839, he rode a horse called **Conrad**, and apparently was leading the Field, until he came to a fence which was what the jockeys called, a nasty fence, in front of it was a strong paling, next a rough big hedge and on the far side a brook about six feet wide, nothing daunted, the Captain rode at it gallantly, smashed through the palings, rolled over into the ditch, got thoroughly immersed in water lost his horse and from then on, it was known as Beechers Brook. Although he subsequently rode in and won races everywhere, he never rode in the National again, and gained his immortality by the

fall of **Conrad**.

Coming to the race of 1850, marks the winning of the race by a horse called **Peter Simple**, who proved to be the first dual winner winning again in 1853. One year previously in 1852, **Miss Mowbray** won, and the distinction of being the first mare to win the National. She has been described as "a rat of a mare", nevertheless she beat a field of twenty one. Going into the year 1855, we find the first runners from France competing, horses by the name of **Jean du Quesne** and **Franc Picard** owned by a Frenchman called Baron Lamotte, but neither proved to be stayers, and brought no success to the Baron. It was not until the year 1865, that a French horse proved successful at Aintree, the winner was **Alcibiade** ridden by an Englishman Capt. Coventry, beating the favourite **Emblematic**. The years 1863 and 1864 are memorable years for the Earl of Coventry, who won the race on each occasion with the full sisters **Emblem** and **Emblematic**, both of these mares were by **Teddington**, a Derby winner and both were bred by the same man, a Mr. Swale, strangely enough it took a long time to make a jumper out of **Emblem** who would not look at a fence until hunted, while on the other hand **Emblematic** proved to be a natural.

The early seventies brings us to what may be termed the Machell era, for in a space of four years, Capt. Machell owned three of the winners in, **Disturbance**, and **Reugny** in 1873 and 1874, and **Regal** in 1876, no owner before and only one since has won three Grand Nationals. An owner-rider won in 1877 and another in 1881, and Count Charles Kinsky won on his mare **Zoedone** in 1882, since then no man has ridden his own horse a winner of the Grand National, and in the years from 1873 to 1885, only twice was the winner ridden by a professional. The winner in the year 1884 was **Voluptuary**, and was an extraordinary performer inasmuch as before he went to Liverpool, his experience of jumping had been confined to two Hurdle Races, in one of which he was beaten, **Alcibiade** was another horse which won this race, and had never run in a steeplechase before.

The best mare that has ever won this race is undoubtedly **Frigate**, and when this is said, the great mare **Empress** a winner in 1880 is not forgotten. The record of **Frigate** is interesting. In 1884 she was second to **Voluptuary**, in 1885 second to **Roquefort**, in 1886 fell at the first fence, in 1887 was pulled up, in 1888 was second to **Playfair** after being interfered with and in 1889 won. There is only one horse of either sex that can show a better record around Liverpool and that is **Manifesto**. Many people will go into high praise of **Cloister** who became famous by being the first horse to win with the top weight of 12 stone 7 lbs in 1893, he having run second the previous year with 12 stone 3 lbs. He was bred in Ireland and was that great sire of steeplechasers **Ascetic** by the Derby winner **Hermit**. He was without doubt a great horse, having started in thirty-five chases and was only un-placed five times, won nineteen of his races and second eight times and was unlucky not to have won two Nationals. The year of 1897 brings us to the greatest of all winners at Aintree of the past century,—**Manifesto**, the legend of Liverpool, his record in this race is interesting and the following will show what an extra-

ordinary horse he was.

1895 (7 years old) fourth to the **Wild Man from Borneo**.

1896 (8 years old) knocked down at the first fence.

1897 (9 years old) won by twenty lengths from **Filbert**.

1898 (10 years old) did not run owing to a mishap.

1899 (11 years old) won by five lengths from **Ford of Fyne**.

1900 (12 years old) third to **Ambush**.

1901 (13 years old) did not run.

1902 (14 years old) third to **Shannon Lass**.

1903 (15 years old) third to **Drumcree**.

1904 (16 years old) unplaced to **Moiffa**.

Until the last his legs kept wonderfully clean and apart from his own constitution, one of the reasons why he lasted so long, was that he had not been raced in his earlier days. He was hardly a good-looking horse, he had a plain but very intelligent head, his ears were long, his back on the long side, his best points were his depth of heart and shoulders.

The year 1911 will always be remembered as the first in which only one horse completed the course without coming to grief, and this was **Glenside**. This year also the marked the discovery of Mr. J. R. Anthony, then a mere youth, who was later to become the greatest horseman over Liverpool of his generation or any other for that matter. For the first time in its history the Grand National was won by a lady owner, the late Lady Nelson, whose 6 year old **Ally Sloper** won, ridden by Jack Anthony. As a yearling **Ally Sloper** was purchased at the Doncaster Sales for only twenty-five guineas.

In 1916 a substitute race was run at Gatwick owing to the war, and was won by **Vermuth**, and not until 1919 did the race go back to Aintree when it was won by **Poethlyn** in a snowstorm, and he was the fourth horse to win with the top weight of 12 stone 7 lbs.

It was in 1921 that that good amateur jockey Mr. Harry Brown did the extraordinary feat of falling off his own horse **The Bore**, breaking his collar bone, remounting and jumping the last two fences to be placed second to the winner **Shaun Spadah**. In this same race **Turkey Buzzard** ridden by another brilliant amateur the late Capt. Bennet fell four times in the race and finished fourth. The first American bred horse to be a winner was away back in 1908, a horse called **Rubio** by **Star Ruby**, bred by the late James Ben Ali Haggin on his Rancho del Paso in California. He was shipped with other yearlings to be sold at Newmarket, England, and brought only fifteen guineas. He won several races as a five year old and then broke down. His owner Major Douglas-Pennant lent him to the landlord of the Prospect Arms at Towcester, to work him in harness, to try and harden up his legs, he worked in the station omnibus and sometimes covered as much as thirty miles a day. His legs became callous and he won his race by ten lengths. He started again the following year, but broke down, the winner being Mr. James Hennessy's five year old **Lutteur III**, ridden by the brilliant French steeplechase jockey Georges Parfremont.

The first American owner to win was Mr. Stephen Sanford, whose **Sergeant Murphy** won in 1923 at the age of thirteen years, another American owner to win was Mr. Charles

Schwartz in 1926 with **Jack Horner**, arriving from New York he purchased him, saw the race and was back home again within a month, it is interesting to note that **Jack Horner** started his career carrying a whip for the Blankney Hunt.

In 1929 when **Gregalach** won for Mrs. Gemmell, there were sixty-six starters and amongst them was John Hay Whitney's, **Easter Hero**, who finished second, and it was found that he had a badly twisted plate. In 1930, there was the closest of finishes, when **Shaun Gollin** ridden by the Irish jockey T. B. Cullinan beat the mare **Melleray's Belle** by a neck. **Shaun Gollin** was a breeding curiosity, for his sire was supposed to have been an unbroken three year old, running in a pasture in which his dam had strayed, he was sold as a yearling for only twenty guineas. A very spectacular National was the one run in 1933 when **Kellsboro Jack** owned by Mrs. Ambrose Clark of Long Island, won from a field of thirty-four, and when no less than nineteen horses finished, giving the third success to an American owner. Mrs. Clark had previously bought him from her husband for a one pound Treasury Note. He was ridden by Dudley Williams and did the course in nine minutes and twenty-eight seconds, which was a record for the course. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Clark decided that he should never run again, and so he passes into history.

In 1935, it was an all Irish victory, when **Reynoldstown** won, the horse was bred in Ireland, his owner-trainer was Mr. Frank Furlong, and he was ridden by his son Frank Furlong, to follow this up, he won again in 1936, when one of the most amazing things happened, and probably will never happen again, a horse called **Davy Jones** and ridden by his owner the Hon. Anthony Midmay was coming over the last fence, and was leading by ten lengths from **Reynoldstown**, when the horse was observed to be running out of the course, it was soon apparent that the reins had parted at the buckle end, leaving the rider sitting helplessly on the horse without them, leaving **Reynoldstown** a hundred to one shot to win again.

A lot of stuff and nonsense has been written about the hazards of riding in the Grand National, and without any doubt whatsoever, there are plenty, it takes all the courage in the world, both from the horse and rider, to face those big obstacles, for over four and a half miles, and yet in the space of one hundred years, there has been only one fatal accident to a jockey, this happened in 1849 to J. Wynne, riding **Lord de Freyne's O'Connell**, the horse got bumped at the first fence, rolled over his jockey, inflicting injuries from which he never recovered. Talking of National jockeys, George Stevens born at Cheltenham, England, the birthplace incidentally of Fred Archer, rode five winners and left an unequalled record, he won on **Freerader** in 1856, on **Emblem** and **Emblematic** in 1863 and 1864, and was aboard **The Colonel** a dual winner in 1869 and 1870. No man has ridden in more Nationals than Jack Anthony who has had no less than twelve trips around Aintree.

There had been much argument and discussion amongst sportsmen, as to the best horse which ever won the Grand National, and general opinion usually narrows down to three horses, who all carried the top weight of 12 stone 7 lbs. They are **Manifesto**, **Cloister** and **Jerry M**.

Continued on Page Twenty

Useful Breeding In Casper, Wyoming

By MARGARET P. LEONARD

Since the first Boot and Spur Club annual horse show, held twelve years ago, interest in the acquisition of well bred horses has developed strongly in the community and throughout the county as well. A survey reveals that almost a dozen registered or eligible-to-be-registered stallions of several breeds are owned within easy driving distance of Casper, and with them ranchers are now raising their own good half-bred horses for both saddle and harness.

A past captain of the club, Mrs. Jean Brooks Lathrop, led the way in the Thoroughbred breed by raising her own stallion, **Estbartonson**, a 5-year-old chestnut horse. **Estbartonson** stands at the ranch home of Mrs. Lathrop's son, Homer, five miles east of the city. This young horse's first foals are due this spring and are expected to be fine specimens of the breed for he is royally bred "in the purple".

His sire was **Sir Barton**, winner of the Kentucky Derby in 1919, and **Sir Barton's** sire was imported **Star Shoot**, head of the American stallion list for five full years. **Estbartonson's** dam has equally impressive lineage, being a granddaughter of the famous imported stallion, **Sun Briar**, whose son **Sun Beau** held the world's money winning record with his earnings of more than \$376,000.

At the historic old CY Ranch Harry Yesness has a handsome Palomino Stallion, **El Caballero**. This horse was sired by the Thoroughbred Remount stallion, **Blue Ash**. Being only five years old he has few foals, but 50% of them are of the true Palomino color.

Another Palomino stallion, **Golden Glow**, holds court on the 6,000-acre ranch of W. A. Proctor, 25 miles west of the city. This fine specimen of the breed is nine years old and has sired many foals, half of which have the beautiful Palomino color.

Both of these golden horses will be seen in the horse shows.

Mark Davis recently bought a yearling colt of this breed which is eligible for registry in the Palomino Stud Book.

For several years Mr. Davis raised fine saddle horses by the use of a Kentucky Whip stallion. His interest also includes draft horses, and for the past four years he has owned the registered red roan Belgian stallion, **Baby Farceur**. This 6-year-old is a grandson of **Imp. Farceur**, the most famous horse of this breed ever to be imported from Belgium. And there-by hangs a tale. **Imp. Farceur** was foaled in 1910 at Hal, Belgium and imported as a 2-year-old to Wm. Crownover, of Hudson, Iowa. Years later, when the Crownover Stud dispersal sale was held, agents came from Belgium to bid on **Imp. Farceur**, hoping to return him to his native country, for in the intervening years he had won the Grand Championship in all of the many shows in which he was entered. But when the bidding went to \$47,500 the Belgian agents gave up and the horse remained in this country.

Another roan stallion of the Belgian breed stands at the ranch home of Zac Potter, some thirty miles west of the city.

Out at the Brooks Home Ranch Silas N. Brooks has a great black Percheron horse, **Justin**, which for several years had headed his band of western mares. This prepotent horse has put his stamp upon every foal, thus making great improvement in the size and quality of the offspring of range bred mares.

With this number of excellent stallions in the vicinity, and it may be that some have been overlooked, it appears that the Boot and Spur Club might add breeding classes to its already interesting show.

Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Nine

few words, as many who have tried to pump him have discovered. Sam Darling once said of him "If I were having a selling plate gamble Harry Beasley would be my jockey. I don't think he would move an eyelid if I told him I had £10,000 on, and it would not cause him to ride other than his usual steady fashion." The Beasley family has long been at Athy, county Kildare and its members have always been keen on hunting and National Hunt sport. Harry

has ridden over hurdles and goes well to hounds, so that there is little wonder he should turn his attention to preparing jumpers.

Pat Beasley

If brother Harry has handed in his license as a jockey and taken out one as a trainer, Pat Beasley intends to continue riding for some seasons yet, and will next season ride for W. Carr's Bolton stable. Known to his friends as "Rufus", Pat Beasley was educated in Yorks at the famous Catholic public school, Ampleforth College. For some years when in the north he rode for Fred ("Sam") Armstrong's Middleham stable, and often stayed with the Armstrongs. P. Maher (another Irish jockey) will, however, ride for F. Armstrong next season. I have heard Pat referred to as being "as speechless as a dumb man and as close as an oyster". So (like Harry) he is to those who would pump him. Apart from touts, however, he has not a great deal to say at any time, and never seems in a hurry in any of his movements. Jockeys have often remarked that although they can form a pretty correct idea as to how others riding in a race are going, and how much their mounts have left in them, they never feel sure whether Pat Beasley is 'kidding' and has something up his sleeve or not. He sits still, with no expression on his face, and gives no indication of what his intentions are until near the place that matters—the winning post!

More About Jockeys

Young Billy Payne (now, by the way, a Capt.), has been wounded in Libya but is going on well. Son of an Epsom trainer he is one of our coming National Hunt jockeys. Archie Burns has joined the R. A. F.,

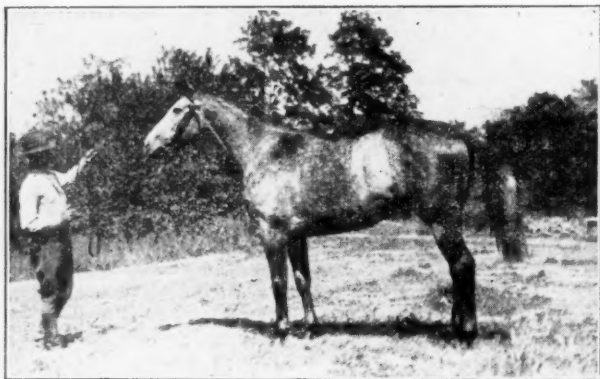
in which a number of jockeys are serving. It can never be said that jockeys, apprentice jockeys and Hunt servants did not do their bit in the present war even though many of the former have been able to continue riding by reason of their being quartered in this country.

Trainers and Jockeys

The veteran jockey Fred Herbert, has fixed up again to ride next season for Tom Hall's Tadcaster stable, and D. Smith will again ride when possible for W. Carr, the Bolton trainer. These combinations have proved very successful this year, when longstanding ideas about trainers have had another shock. It used to be argued that to train winners a man must have had long experience at the game and know all its mysteries, science and tricks. The general view when I commenced my long Turf career, was that all this knowledge could come only after many years, and usually descended either from father to son, or was acquired by successful jockeys who ultimately turned their attention to training. Yet, neither Tom Hall nor William Carr had any such experience either inherited or in person. Both are the sons of farmers, both a few years ago knew a good deal about hunters and hunting, but nothing regarding the routine of a racing stable. Despite this they have, by the application of commonsense horse management, turned out many winners, and brought their runners into the paddock looking as well as any, and better than some. What is more, they have been able to say to their patrons (what some experienced trainers are not), "this horse is as fit now as he can be made, he is running his best distance, is nicely

Continued on Page Nineteen

COQ D'ESPRIT



COQ D'ESPRIT, grey, 1934, by *COQ GAULOIS—DULCY, by *LIGHT BRIGADE, is a magnificent individual, standing 16.3½, measures 79 inches around girth, 9½" below the knee and weighs 1,500 pounds. Combining, as he does, the jumping qualities of *COQ GAULOIS and *LIGHT BRIGADE, and being a brilliant jumper himself, he should prove a most outstanding sire of jumpers.

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Mares boarded at reasonable rates.

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MILKMAN

(Property of Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart)

Will make the season of 1943 at
THE PLAINS, VIRGINIA

Broomstick	Ben Brush	Bramble
	Roseville	
Cudgel	Elf	Gillard
	Sylvabelle	
Eugenia Burch	Ben Strome	Bend Or
	Strathfleet	
MILKMAN br., 1927	The Humber	Break Knife
	Keep Sake	
Peep o'Day	Ayrshire	Hampton
	Atlanta	
Milkmaid	Sundown	Springfield
	Sunshine	
Neil Olin	Wagner	Prince Charlie
	Duchess of Malfi	
Milkmaid was a stake winner at 2, 3, and 4 and lower- ed track record at Saratoga Springs for 7 furlongs and 1 1-16 miles.	Black Sleeves	Sir Dixon
	Lake Breeze	

From 7 crops, Milkman has sired many winners, including **Pasteurized**, winner at 2, 3 and 4 and \$47,220 including Belmont and East Vies Stakes, 3rd in Christina and Flamingo Stakes; **Early Delivery**, winner of Hialeah Park Inaugural and Belgrade Claiming Handicap, 3rd in Paumonok, Narragansett Spring Handicap; **Buttermilk**, winner Netherlands Plaza Handicap, 3rd in DeLaSalle Handicap; **Early Morn**, winner of 19 races, placing 6 times, including Susquehanna Handicap and the winners **Milk**, **Bonny Clabber**, **Butter**, **Milk Punch**, **Cottage Cheese**, **Separator**, **Rich Cream**, **Milk Dipper**, **Milray**, **Needmore**, **Cooling Spring** and **Cream Cheese**.

Milkman had 6 two-year-old winners in 1940: **Daily Delivery**, **Gay Man**, **Lactose**, **Milk And Honey**, **Quizzle** and also **Milk Bar** who placed several times.

Only 5 two-year-olds were raced in 1941, 3 of which were winners: **Clip Clop**, **Milky Moon** and **Milk Route**.

The 1st yearlings ever sold by Milkman averaged \$3,086 for 7 colts at Saratoga in 1940.

The 2nd crop of yearlings, 3 colts and 4 fillies, averaged \$2,043 at Saratoga in 1941 on a night of such poor sales that a leading breeder withdrew his yearlings the same evening.

To November 1, 1942, 7 two-year-olds have been winners: **Dairy Lady**, **Milk Chocolate**, **Bottom Rail**, **Parachutist**, **Five A. M.**, **Colleen** and **Cream**. TO DATE THIS YEAR, HE HAS Sired 22 WINNERS OF 50 RACES.

These records will be kept up-to-date during the months that MILKMAN is advertised in The Chronicle.

Mares must have satisfactory veterinary certificates

Fee \$300
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To offset shipping costs, the stud fee has been reduced this year by \$50.

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Fee \$300
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ALBERT BURROWS
Rolling Plains Farm,
The Plains, Va.

“MY COAST GUARD DOG”

*Perhaps he's homesick for his home,
Perhaps jumps up and fawns in play,
He has no manners, he is rough,
Perhaps he tries to run away.*

*He looks at me, his ears pricked up,
His amber eyes suspicious, hard,
A full-grown Shepherd to be trained
For duty with U. S. Coast Guard.*

*Six weeks have passed, and what a
change,
Not wild, but dignified and true,
Alert so he'll see everything,
And warn his man what he should do.*

*Those splendid eyes, they peer about,
To search all shadows in the dark,
His masters orders he obeys,
When danger lurks he gives a bark.*

*I am a Coast Guard. On patrol
On stormy nights in snow or rain
My best friend surely is my dog,
He'd go with me down darkest lane.*

*I speak to him, he lifts his head,
Wags tail, as though about to say:
“Have courage, boy! I'd die for you!”
God help the villain in our way.*

Kathleen H. Reeve.

Editor's Note:—This was sent in by Mrs. W. Foster Reeve, well-known follower of the Rose Tree Hounds and a side-saddle authority. Mrs. Reeve is one of the best volunteer civilian trainers that the Coast Guard has. We are happy to have her poem.

ODE TO THE HORSE

*O horse, you are a wondrous thing,
No horns to honk, no bells to ring,
No license buying every year,
With plates to stick on front and rear.
No sparks to miss, no gears to strip,
You start yourself; no clutch to slip,
No gas bills mounting every day
To steal the joy of life away.
Your inner tubes are all O. K.
And pray the Lord they stay that way.
Your spark plugs never muss or miss,
Your motor never makes a hiss.
Your frame is good for many a mile,
Your body never changes style.
Your wants are few, and easy met,
You've something on the auto yet.*

—The Santa Fe Magazine.

To the Editor:

The enclosed clipping was published in today's "Wall Street Journal", but I think you might find a place for it in your good paper.

With best wishes for a successful New Year.

Cordially yours,

Joseph W. Dixon.

14 Wall St., N. Y.
December 22, 1942.

Riviera Notes

BY TOM PILCHER

Bobbie Egan celebrated his last appearance in the Show Ring before leaving for the Army at the Belmont Horse Show, by riding the first, second, third and fourth horses in a jumping class of seventeen entries, and followed it up by finishing first, third and fourth in the Open Hunters.

Owing to the fact that the Navy has decided not to utilize the Hollywood Park Race Track at Inglewood, has led to speculation that representations from the California Horse Racing Board to the military officials, might assist the possibility of lifting the ban on racing here.

Reminiscences Of Fort Reno

That letter from Fort Reno has had the pleasing effect of bringing back memories. There are several tales of that grand old meeting place of horsemen, these may be amusing.

One fall, when the annual polo tournament, horse show and Indian pow-wow was being held, many good low-goal teams were very earnest about wanting to win. So intent in fact, that team captains made the rule that there would be no drinking until after the tournament.

A team from the oil country came down with blood in their eyes, and with them was their partying representative, who came along to make the welkin ring while the players went to bed early. There was a local team with the same sort of representation, this "team of one" being a man who was not able to play due to a broken arm. The two non-players started the first evening in a tournament of their own, which was to last through the evenings of the games, to decide which team won that particular tournament of ringing the welkin. The visiting oil man, who by the way, was the helium expert from that oil company and had had his early training in elbow work in the Philippines, lost the tournament, on the third evening of play. He was found in the bath tub, in the set of quarters where he was lodged, in his BVD's, cooling off in cold water, so as to be able to carry on against his opponent, the good member of the armed forces. He, therefore, lost on a foul.

This same fall, one of the braves from the redskin wigwams killed another, causing much excitement in the redskin encampment. Contrary to tradition, however, this was not according to Indian lore, as we of lighter hue would expect. He did not use a tomahawk as a weapon, but a leaf from the spring of a Model T Ford. The modern method of 1924.

Great Britain Notes

Continued From Page Eighteen

handicapped, therefore if he can win at all he can win now—so back him!" Of course plans do not always work out as expected, but often they have done, and neither trainers have ever entertained an angel unawares. Like another northern trainer (W. Easterby, also the son of a farmer, and also drawn into the Turf game from the hunting field), these two trainers have once and for all proved that the mysteries, secrets and science of preparing racehorses has been over-rated. The public, once prejudiced against such trainers, now help themselves over their horses, and do so with a confidence that would never have been found when I was a youth. Then horses in the hands of "kid-glove" or "amateur trainers", were not thought to be coloured on the card, and one heard the big betting men openly say: "When they win I can afford to lose." They had some reason for their arguments in those days inasmuch as many who, without any experience, set up as trainers, imagined that what was required to win races was "cleverness" of the "trickery" order rather than cleverness in stable and in placing horses. Men like Tom Hall, Carr, Easterby and others I could mention, knew when they were concerned with getting hunters fit for the field, or for point-to-pointing, that it was essential to have the best hay and corn, to get

Riviera Gymkhana

Continued from Page One

horses, Tim Durant was third in a Dog Cart, and Frances Zucco fourth with a similar vehicle. The day opened with a Grand Parade of all entries, the blue going to Frances Zucco as being judged the best "turned out" horse and rider, Minnie Wanamaker was second and Mrs. Y. Hochstadter third.

The Horsemanship Class for children who have not ridden more than 2 years went to Barry Callan, who showed much improvement in his riding, Teddie Hunt was second and Jerry Curley was third.

Horsemanship for children who have only ridden 6 months, won rather easily by little Donna May, in Western equipment, and Lance Reventlow was second.

The Open Horsemanship Class, was rather spoiled by many of the horses feeling above themselves, making it impossible for the judge to pass on some of the riders, however Marilyn May who won, well deserved the blue, another good rider in Belinda Vidor was second,

horses fit, hard, muscled up and clear in their wind, and, whilst doing so to make the preparation enjoyable.

with her sister Antonia Vidor gaining third place.

The Western Class found young Garry Cowen beating his father out, with a smooth performance to take the blue, Harvey Ellis a post entry got in, in time to take second place, with Major Bill Cowen taking the yellow.

A big entry took part in the Lemon Picking Race, making it necessary to run off several heats, the final winner being Ann Campbell, Marjorie Durant worked hard for second money, and Frances Zucco was third.

Around twenty riders were in the Musical Stalls, and after a lot of hard riding Ann Campbell proved the winner with Nancy Campbell a close second, and Barry Callan third.

The Open Jumping Class found Marjorie Durant jumping off two of her own horses for the blue, she won on Copper Luster, was second on Victory, and Frances Zucco third with a nice performance on her Jackette.

Salt

Continued from Page Twelve

of the bomb. It is one of the five most important basic raw materials in the world, ranking with coal, limestone, Petroleum and Sulphur.

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We ask you to submit the names and addresses of any good prospects for The Chronicle. A forceful offensive will double our circulation during 1943.

A Chronicle List

Even as it is necessary to pay the feed bill on a good horse, so it is necessary for us to pay the "feed" bills. All this leads up to the fact that we have to collect bills owing us. Generally this is easy, those who have business with us can be classed as grand payers.

On the other hand, there are a few very old accounts, allowed to grow from advertising insertions, in good faith upon the part of The Chronicle. Bills have been sent out regularly, there has been no response, not even an acknowledgement.

Evidently, such people, we are better off without, other Chroniclers would give them scant recognition. So that you out there in the field may be familiar with a problem that must interest all of us who use The Chronicle, you should know who are on this "Club Black List". Might it not be well to post these names. Forewarned is forearmed.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

The Chronicle welcomes the following as new subscribers for the week of December 28th, 1942:

Col. Henry Shoemaker, Pennsylvania
Dr. P. D. Camp, Virginia
G. C. Davis, Pennsylvania
Robert H. Beattie, Pennsylvania
Henry N. Woolman, Pennsylvania
John H. Wilcox, Pennsylvania
Pvt. James A. Donaldson, Kansas
Pvt. William E. Schermerhorn, Alabama
Miss Kathryn Snyder, Pennsylvania
Messrs. Henry and Robert Burk, Maine
William B. Alexander, Ohio
Pvt. Harold Fortune, Kansas
W. J. Beattie, Rhode Island
J. Thomas Pennell, Pennsylvania
Miss Helen Hickman, Kentucky
Pvt. John T. Losty, Michigan
Joseph Windolph, Oregon
John W. Beach, Pennsylvania
Mr. and Mrs. C. Z. Case, New York
Walter Rebben, New York
A. G. McGraw, Pennsylvania
Miss Marianna C. Marshall, Pennsylvania
Col. George I. Smith, Texas
Renwick W. Hurry, New York
Frank C. Lamoureux, Connecticut
Guy Wedthoff, Michigan
Lt. Robert M. Schmeltzer, Kansas
Thompson M. Barker, New Jersey
F. Moran McConihe, Maryland
William T. Brown, Connecticut
Mirt H. Hatcher, Jr., Virginia
Charles Smith, Pennsylvania
Pvt. Leroy Curry, Mississippi
Rev. Thomas Peleshek, Pennsylvania
Lt. Warner W. Brackett, Kansas

Trewern Beagles

By ROBERT P. W. HARRISON

After almost 2 weeks of bitter, winter weather which made hunting conditions most unfavorable, the mercury rose well above the freezing point; and the snow and ice which covered the Trewern hunting country quickly disappeared. When Trewern hounds met a small field of 8 beagles for the Christmas Day hunt at Bryn Clovis Farm, the day was still and overcast; and the temperature ranged in the high forties. What with the water from the melted snow lying in the fields and the frost working out of the cold, winter ground, conditions were very wet and muddy underfoot but gave promise of fair scenting. It was indeed good to see Bill Battin and Bill Warneck, two of Trewern's honorary whippers-in, out for their first day of sport with the pack so far this season. The former is now a Sergeant serving with the 10th Armored Division at Fort Benning, Georgia, while the latter is working for Uncle Sam 7 days a week in a vital Defense Industry. Those who are carrying on at Trewern only wish these two keen beagles could get out to enjoy a day's hunting more often. Their presence in the field with hounds has been greatly missed by all this year. The small, but very keen Christmas Day field also included Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Knowles of the Army Air Corps, a regular with Trewern before war duties called him to Washington, D. C.

After sporting Christmas greetings had been exchanged, Huntsman Bob Harrison, moved off with the 10½ couple Trewern pack shortly after 3 o'clock to draw south across Bryn Clovis Farm. Although conditions seemed promising, little did anyone, who watched hounds work eagerly across the open fields of winter wheat and alfalfa in search of the tight-sitting hare, know that the Christmas hunt was going to prove to be the best of the season thus far. This day the keen little pack hunted their elusive, long-eared quarry continually for 2 hours and 20 minutes and showed an afternoon of sport which compares favorably with many of the very best recorded in the Hunt Diary.

It was about three-twenty when hounds jumped their hare from her snug form in the unharvested soy beans on the Chew Farm. With mighty leaps through the tangled beans this big jack just managed to make good her escape away south with the roaring 13-inches fairly nipping at her scut. Once in the open their fleet quarry swiftly disappeared from view, and hounds drove on from sight to scent with never a check circling left-handed and crossing the Sugartown road. It was Mercury (Trewern Flasher—Music) and Banker (Trewern Forger—Bijou) who led the racing 10½ couples away across the closely mowed alfalfa where scent lay breast high. On across the winter wheat the line proved to be a bit spotty because of the sticky mud, and hounds were really put to their noses. It was interesting to watch Mercury and old Tripper (Ch. Watch-this-one—Haig's Turmoil) pick the faint trail again and again over the muddy planting.

After a large circle across the open Bryn Clovis farmland, the line of the hunted hare led on west back across the road into the rough, over-grown fields of the Tony Jackson farm. Swinging left-handed the eager little pack ran away south at good pace across fields of bean and wheat stubble to the White Horse road where with hardly a check Fiddler and God-

fly showed the keen, sensitive nose of their great sire Trewern Forger by speaking the line away west along the tarred surface. Presently they were joined by the rest of the pack in ringing cry as a stronger scent marked the trail of their fleet quarry down across Marshall Morgan's Paper Hill and into Milfern. Here when a very short check resulted on the roadway, Gadfly (Trewern Forger—Gamstress) showed her outstanding ability as a road hound again by putting the rest of the pack squarely on the line which led the chorusing 13-inches away through the Milfern paddocks back out on to the White Horse road.

The hunted jack had been viewed away west down the road by a farmer so the huntsman lifted hounds on to a point where they picked up her trail and hunted away into Happy Hollow Farm. When the pack ran to a momentary loss, it was the keen eye of Trewern's Acting Joint-Master Stockton White, that spotted hare tracks leading on across the plow. After leaving the plow this crafty hare had run west down on old cart path, and then, doubling back on her own tracks, had headed away east. Again her clear tracks in the mud told the unmistakable story. Hounds hunted closely and well and did a good job of working out this intricate double. Running on again at a good pace the Trewern pack swung left-handed and packed closely together drove away north over the steep hill and on away following a path through the thick, grown-up countryside. Their long-eared quarry had once again doubled back on her own trail in an effort to make good her escape, and once again it was Stockton White who picked up her tracks in what little snow that remained down along the north edge of a large covert. Hounds struck the line with good cry and hunted their hare away east through Tony Jackson's swamp back into the country from whence she had come.

A member of the small Christmas field had viewed what from all appearances looked to be the hunted hare on away east into Bryn Clovis and a big, fresh hare had jumped up nearby and moved away south. When watches were checked it was learned that the merry beagles had been running their first, stout jack on a long circling hunt for all of an hour and 35 minutes; and the huntsman decided to give chase to this second hare. Hounds hit off the line with a goodly cry and ran away down into the meadow of the Chew Farm. Here when the pack checked Duskhollow Telltale (Piedmont Sailor—Rockland Origin) with nose ever close to the ground, turned right around and spoke the line directly back for about 15 yards to a point where Tripper's eager chopping voice proclaimed their quarry's trail as it led away east.

It was on away at a good pace into Bryn Clovis; and, as hounds circled left-handed across the alfalfa; it was delighting to see Mender and Bolstress, both second season youngsters by the noted sire, Waldingfield Minstrel, leading the driving pack. Back in the rough, weedy fields of the Jackson Farm cottontail caused a long check. A large cast was made in an attempt to recover the line of this second hare, and finally old Tripper opened up in the bean stubble. Indeed this veteran of the Trewern pack was the only hound that seemed able to own the now cold line as he picked it slowly and carefully down across the beans. The cold scent held better across the White Horse road.

In the Delchester meadows hounds no doubt worked closer to their hare,

Riding A Horse

Continued from Page Five

know how to ride up or down hill. It may sound funny but you should be in a forward position for both. The principle behind this is that the horse works somewhat like an automobile in that the back legs do the pushing or holding as the case may be and one should get the weight off his hind quarters thus letting them free from the dead weight that would be shoved upon them. With your weight put forward over his withers and fore legs, he is in complete balance and can maneuver unhampered. If you don't stay forward he is likely to slip and slide, lose his balance plus getting sore behind from the extra strain.

Here's hoping that these hints may help some potential horseman. They will get him out of awkward situations and certainly aid his horse no end.

Grand National

Continued from Page Seventeen

Manifesto on his record is probably the best of them all, but he was purely a Liverpool horse, as was Cloister, while Jerry M. on the other hand was fast enough to win the Paris Steeplechase, which neither of the others could possibly have had the speed to do. Troytown ridden by Jack Anthony the winner in 1920, was also a winner of the French classic, and would probably have won another National, but for his fatal accident at Auteuil, France.

for with screaming cry the little pack circled east toward Fronefields corner and drove away north through the Saportas Farm at a flying pack. It was on straight away north into the broad, open Bryn Clovis country with hunt staff running hard and barely able to keep the driving 13-inches in sight. When huntsman and whips finally got to the pack at a check on the Bryn Clovis driveway after this fast straightway point of almost two miles, it was decided to take hounds in. This second straight-necked hare had been hunted for fully 45 minutes. It was almost 6 o'clock when the huntsman's horn called hounds home. An excellent day of sport.

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